

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Our Dumb Animals

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY

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TEMPLE PLACE

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EVERY PERSON owning property should make a will. Many do so; others put off this important matter until too late. To many the process of setting aside property in trust, either by will or by agreement, seems complicated and difficult. The exact effect of such action is not clear either as to themselves or as to those whom they wish to benefit by the trust. They hesitate to make inquiries, feeling possibly that they are unduly disclosing their own personal affairs or else that by asking questions they are committing themselves in some way to continue with the establishment of a trust whether they really desire to do so or not.

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Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 44

Boston, May, 1912

No. 12

Congress and Cruelty

By DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY

THE President of our Societies was in Washington the first week in April in the interests of one of the most important bills, so far as the prevention of cruelty to animals is concerned, that has been before Congress for many years. The bill is known as House Bill 17222. It has been presented by the Hon. Edward L. Hamilton, of Michigan, was drawn by Solicitor McCabe of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and is designed to lessen the pitiless cruelties connected with the interstate traffic in immature calves. To this subject our Society has been calling attention in every possible way for two years.

As the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* know, none of our food animals are such sufferers from the inevitable abuses incident to transportation and slaughter as young calves. Swine, sheep, fowl, indeed practically all other animals, are not bought for shipment and forwarded to places of slaughter until an age has been reached when they have some reserve strength and can eat such food as can be provided. Millions of calves, however, throughout the country, are taken from their mothers when anywhere from a day to a week old.

A "Staggering Bob"

At this period the calf can live upon nothing but milk, and, unless taught, cannot even drink that from any other source of supply except directly from the mother. It is weak, delicate, with almost no power of resistance. A "staggering bob" is a familiar phrase among dealers, for these little wobbly creatures. To take them from their dams is like taking a baby from its mother's breast and expecting it to live from one to three or four days without nourishment. If it survives at all it is half dead, its flesh fevered and toxic. Massachusetts has been told often enough of late of the evils that are a part of this traffic. Our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has spared no trouble or expense during the past two years to break up the custom of shipping such calves from other states into its own. Only those conversant with the facts realize the success we have attained.

The bill above referred to would prohibit interstate shipment of immature calves under six weeks of age unless accompanied by their mothers. This bill, if it should become law, would make it possible to destroy at a blow a very large part of one of the most cruel and outrageous forms of business with which we are acquainted. From many sections of the country come the positive statements of humane workers—statements backed up by the U. S. Department of Agriculture—that these poor victims of the dairyman's eagerness for milk and the dealer's and butcher's greed for a few dollars profit, are often from thirty to even ninety hours in transit without food; or, if an attempt is made to feed them, that the attempt is the merest farce. Think of such a way-bill as we have had in our own hands where the railroad has made a charge of \$2.50 for feeding 140 calves! A humane officer who saw at West Albany, on March 30, this particular car-load fed, said that the men who fed them confessed that the drink given them consisted of four small cans of condensed milk in twelve quarts of water. Five men, tramps, anybody that could be picked up by the railroad official, were engaged in the process with dippers and funnels.

From the fact that these utensils were brand-new the inference was warranted that had this humane officer not been present before the alleged feeding and asked what was to be done, even this pretended feeding would not have taken place. He said that so far as the New York state law requires the shipping of these immature calves with their dams (the car was on its way from that state into Massachusetts), that it was certainly complied with that day by the toughs who assisted the railroad agent in feeding them, for there were "dams" enough to have answered for a hundred cars of calves. The most of the so-called milk went on the ground, as everyone must know it did whoever attempted to feed a calf that had not learned to drink.

An All-day Hearing

The hearing on this bill was before the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. It lasted all day, taking both the forenoon and afternoon sessions of the Committee. Mr. Robert H. Murray, representing the American

Humane Association, Dr. Melvin, head of the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, Mr. Benedict, humane agent of Utica, New York, and the writer, were the speakers on behalf of the measure. It can hardly be said that any opposition was offered. The attorney for the National Live Stock Association, and the Cattle Raisers' Association, frankly admitted the cruelties now existing, and desired only such modification of the bill as might give authority to the Department of Agriculture to make certain exceptions in such extreme cases as sometimes arise in the far West. For example, in time of severe drought cattle men on the ranches have had to kill the lambs and calves to save the mothers. This happens rarely, but it has happened. There might arise an occasion when, in the judgment of the federal authorities, it would be better to grant some leeway.

The Opposition to Be Heard Later

The real opposition will come from the dairy interests in such states as New York. Unfortunately the dairy and agricultural sections have been granted a hearing at a later date when it is probable the economic side, from their point of view, will be presented wholly irrespective of the suffering through exposure, rough handling, and starvation of the calves. We can only imagine the utter indifference to the pains of lingering death from exhaustion and starvation, that must characterize any body of men who, for personal gain, measured in dollars and cents, can bring themselves to stand up and oppose this bill. Such opposition should be to their eternal disgrace in the eyes of their fellows. These men, in the "slaughter of the innocents," so far as numbers are concerned, "out-herod Herod." They deserve neither respect nor consideration. The beef supply of the country is suffering, and the milk supply must in time suffer, from this short-sighted policy of destroying so many young calves.

The speakers for the bill were accorded the most courteous treatment by the Committee, were listened to with unmistakable interest, and in certain instances with marked sympathy. Two of the Committee declared, after hearing the story, that they would like to

sentence to jail the men guilty of these outrages. No one could have been kinder than Representative Lawrence, of Massachusetts, who spent several hours in finding, the day before the hearing, members of the Committee whom we wished to meet personally, and also a number of other congressmen to whom we had personal letters of introduction from influential citizens of Massachusetts. His Honor, Mayor Fitzgerald, gave us nine letters of this character, and to our surprise and great pleasure sent a special letter to Congressman Murray, of Boston, for the latter to read, in person, at the hearing, which he did with excellent effect. To Congressman Weeks of Massachusetts we are greatly indebted for his courtesy in coming over to the place of hearing and introducing us to the Committee. It was a matter of happy surprise to us to have a long telegram read also from the Boston Board of Health heartily endorsing the bill. If the cooperation of this official body can be secured in our own city much will have been accomplished.

We have said nothing about the public health side of this question, but it was put before the Committee as strongly as possible. We were armed at this point with letters from many able physicians and expert German testimony. We left Washington much more hopeful of favorable action on the part of Congress than we were when we arrived.

A FRIEND'S MISTAKEN KINDNESS

Knowing that he was a bird-lover and student of ornithology, a friend of Dr. W. G. Fanning called at his dental office in the bank building, Danvers, a few days ago and left with him a great cardboard box containing a collection of twenty-five to thirty birds, mostly migratory, which he had trapped recently and thought would interest the doctor. They did, greatly; but like all true lovers of wild life he could not bear to see the creatures in confinement and after taking a good look at them released every one and all flew away in happiness at regaining their liberty. — Salem (Mass.) *News*.



Photograph from Audubon Society

BALTIMORE ORIOLE AND NEST

The Sweetest Time O' Year

It's getting time o' year just now when May swings into bloom,
And all the peach and apple-trees are reeking with perfume.
A panoramic glory gilds the morning in the east,
With an iridescent glamor of a mighty sumptuous feast.

The blackbird in the hollow and the robin in the tree,
Are shouting hallelujahs up to heaven and to me;
The forest trees are budding with a freshness rich and rare,
And pronounce a benediction through the blossom-scented air.

The south wind in his rambles, searches ev'ry shady nook,
And gathers sweetest perfume from the blossoms by the brook.
The sun in gorgeous splendor smiles upon the sprouting grain;
The flowers nodding to and fro are welcoming the rain.

I love to hear the droning of the husky bumble-bee,
As he tumbles through the meadow in a muffled ecstasy.
I love to hear the ripple of the bustling little rills,
And the music of the breezes as they kiss the daffodils.

There is something that is pleasing ev'ry minute of the day,
When Maytime brings the blossoms out and flaunts her banners gay.
All the glories of the seasons in a single bunch appear
For the blossoming of nature is the sweetest time of year.

It's a part of my religion I would like to have you know,
That a loving smile's an antidote for ev'ry human woe.
It's a trite and useful saying and its secret I'll impart,
When your thoughts are with the flowers there's no winter in the heart.

BUSH PHILLIPS in *Outdoor Life*.

How Birds Were Fed in Eau Claire

By Matilda Miller, Principal Sixth Ward School

THE success of the feeding-stations for birds in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and the intense interest thereby aroused in bird study, not only on the part of the pupils but of the community in general, is eminently gratifying.

We have eight public feeding-stations and thirty-five private stations in the Sixth Ward, at the homes of pupils. The splendid work done, in the way of systematic observation, would, in itself, have amply repaid the time and effort spent. Yet we believe we have achieved far greater results in the saving of bird-life and in helping the little creatures secure a food supply during those seasons when it was quite impossible for them to obtain their natural food.

We have had white-breasted nuthatches, brown creepers, downy woodpeckers, hairy woodpeckers and chickadees with us all winter, as constant visitants at the feeding-stations. And it goes without saying that we have also had the ever-present English sparrow—that problem of the bird world that assumes greater proportions when we remember that he may become a very important factor in driving more desirable birds away from the feeding-stations.

However, we were quite successful in out-maneuvering this little intruder. One of our shelves we attached to a window-sill by means of chains, and fastened underneath a wire spring, so that the shelf would act as a spring-board. It was most amusing to watch the sparrows alight on it and then "tumble over themselves" in their endeavor to get off. They would then fly a few feet away to the branches of a neighboring tree and watch the downies and white-breasted nuthatches having a frolic attacking the nuts and suet. The sparrows would return again and again only to beat an ignominious retreat as before.

But our most effective method in outwitting sparrows and also blue jays

was by means of coarse mesh bags. We placed the suet in these and fastened them to a suitable place on the tree trunk near our station. The sparrows will give anything that does not remain stationary a wide berth, while the nuthatches and downies seem to prefer to eat their suet from the bags, as they will pass by choice morsels on the shelf to attack the bags. Judging from their antics, they seemed greatly to enjoy the sport of overcoming the swaying bags.

This method of providing food also outwits the blue jays, as they cannot balance themselves on the tree trunk long enough to extract any choice morsels from the bag.

MY BIRD SCRAP-BOOK

I am very fond of our little bird-neighbors, but am not able to recognize many of them by sight, so hit on a plan for becoming better acquainted with them, writes Miss Annie Hoffarth in the *Farmer's Wife*.

I had a cloth bound book, 7x10 inches in size that contained twenty-five leaves, and I used this as the foundation for my scrap-book.

In this I pasted pictures of our most common birds, the pictures being 7x9 inches in size, colored true to life, and many of them actually life-size.

One picture was pasted on a leaf, and on the opposite side of the leaf were pasted any clippings I could find that in any way described the habits of this bird.

My friends all admire my book, which is both pleasing to the eye, and very instructive, and I shall loan it to the teacher of our public school, and offer some small prizes to the boys and girls of the school who can tell me the most interesting facts about these birds, which they have learned by actual observation.

I shall also mount a score or more of these bird pictures on heavy cardboard, like tablet backs, to use in amusing my little friends who come to visit me, as the pictures cost but a trifle and a few minutes' time, and some good flour paste will do the work.

I would especially like to collect stories of how to induce the martin to build in houses provided for their use, as the bluebirds have taken possession of their houses for us, and are not easily dislodged.

A SERMON BY A HORSE

A YOUNG minister walked along a busy city street one raw November day. He was discouraged and embittered, because he thought he was being overworked, and was not receiving the recognition he deserved. His mood was bitter and rebellious, a mood that is found among ministers perhaps as often as among other people.

Out of the din of traffic there came to his ears the rumble of a heavily loaded dray and the sound of iron-shod hoofs striking the pavement. A dray, loaded with huge rolls of paper and drawn by a pair of magnificent bay horses, was coming briskly up a slight rise in the street. The driver, a little wrinkled Irishman, crouched lazily on his seat, with the reins hanging loose from his fingers. The two splendid beasts, without a word or a touch from him, were doing their work with perfect intelligence and willingness. The minister paused upon the curb to watch them.

Suddenly the horse nearest to him trod upon a slippery manhole cover, lost his footing, and went down on his side with a resounding crash. A quick little gasp of pity came from the watchers on the sidewalk. But it was wasted pity. For before the dray had lost its headway, before the little old driver had gathered up his reins, the great horse, with a violent scramble, got to his feet again, and threw himself into his collar with an energy that threatened to tear the heavy harness off his back.

As the dray topped the rise and rumbled round the corner, the minister turned slowly away. His eyes were moist and his heart humble. His impulse was to follow that horse all day, and learn his spirit of generous cooperation. And that night, as he knelt at his bedside, he prayed a strange prayer:

"O God, make me like that horse. Teach me what You want me to do, and help me to want to do it without being driven. When I stumble, may I rise at once and pull all the harder to make up for lost time. Bless my life with a feeling of harmony and cooperation with Thyself. Amen."

The next Sunday morning he preached a sermon from the text, "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends." It was a good sermon; the people spoke to him very warmly about it after church. But the minister knew in his heart that the sermon really came from a great dumb brute that had never been to church in his life.

—*Youth's Companion.*

At vesper tide
One virtuous and pure in heart did pray,
"Since none I wronged in deed or word today,
From whom should I crave pardon? Master, say."
A voice replied:
"From the sad child whose joy thou hast not planned,
The goaded beast whose friend thou didst not stand,
The rose that died for water from thy hand."



Photograph by Schreiber & Son, Philadelphia

"My Lady Knox," owned by C. C. Stillman, New York City, and "Donnox," owned by J. E. Peters, Bradford, Vt.

A TRIBUTE TO THE HORSE

By HUGO KRAUSE

If one animal, more than any other has contributed to the welfare and happiness of mankind, it has been the horse. Forced into captivity, domesticated, and interbred, until he reveals the highest qualities of brute intelligence and beauty of form, he has been man's patient and faithful burden-bearer as well as his silent companion of the centuries. He has shared with man the hardships of exploration, the ages of chivalry, the struggle for democratic freedom, and the advance of commercial supremacy. In literature, in art, in song; in war, as well as in peace, he has stood by his master's side in the glorious descriptions of human achievement.

The history of the horse is in a large measure the history of the human race. He stands today as the highest embodiment of physical perfection, the most delicately constructed dynamo, the most beautiful animal creation that the ingenuity of man has been able to evolve by artificial means. And what an object of emulation he is to man himself for the scientific breeding of the human race; what a beautiful example of the power of labor and love if it could be assumed by man as a voluntary rather than an involuntary servitude.

As we look upon this noble friend of man, who is so often subjected to the neglect and cruelty of commercial greed and abject slavery, let us not forget that, though he may be owned individually, he is ours by race inheritance, ours to use, ours to enjoy, ours to protect, and that we owe it to him as well as to ourselves to demand for him justice and fair play.

Never deceive or play tricks on an animal that trusts you implicitly, for confidence once shaken can never be regained.

THE CAB-HORSE

Translated from the French of Edmond Haraucourt
By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Slipping and struggling through the snow and sleet,
Dripping in summer suns and autumn rain,
Through wind and weather, for a driver's gain,
He staggers day and night on weary feet.
Down his long meager neck the pulses beat
Beneath the mats of hard, neglected mane.
His galling harness is a constant pain
And his bit clanks his knell; but death is sweet...
His soft round eyes are big with gentle thought.
He trots, and meditates how peace is bought
With pain and pardon, since the wrong must be—
And you and I come blindly by him then,
Forgetting stupidly that such as he
We men call saints, if God but call them men.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY

A New York dispatch recently stated that the Rev. Joseph Walter Miller, pastor of a Presbyterian church at 196 Bleeker street, who lives in East Orange, New Jersey, saw a team of horses galloping south in Greenwich street. A youth, driving, continuously plied the lash.

The minister ran after the team. From Eleventh to Christopher streets he followed the galloping horses. They were drawing away from him when one of them fell, exhausted.

"Instantly," said the Rev. Mr. Miller later in night court, "the driver leaped from his seat, lashed the fallen horse and kicked it."

Mr. Miller ran up and seized the youth by the collar. "I shook him and then I cuffed him, and when a policeman came up I ordered his arrest," said the minister, in telling his story to Magistrate Appleton.

The prisoner denied that he had beaten those "old nags," and said, "It wasn't my fault one of 'em fell down."

"Don't believe what you say," said the magistrate. "I'll hold you in \$100 bail for trial."

THE KITTEN THAT WENT TO WAR



E was a black kitten and his name was Christopher Columbus. Perhaps there never was a cat in the world more patriotic in his actions, for he went to war when Lincoln first issued the call for soldiers, and stayed till after the war was over and peace was declared.

He was in a hundred battles. He was in danger of his life more than a hundred times. He was wounded by gun-shots in four places at least. He lost one eye in the service of his country. His tail was cut off. He was lame in one fore leg. He was shot through the body so that his breathing was short and uncertain; but he lived through all the vicissitudes of battle and camp life and came home with the company—or, rather, the sad remnant of the company—the war-scarred veteran. When he died, several years afterward, the boys of the city and the veteran soldiers with whom he had fed and fought united to give him a military funeral; and I am sure that his grave ought to be decorated with flowers on each Memorial Day.

He was only a half-grown kitten when the war broke out, and he rode away tied on the top of his master's knapsack. His master went through the whole four years of the war, taking Christopher with him in each camp-moving. And then—just as it was all over and peace was declared—he fell—shot in the last skirmish. But Christopher was brought back home—an enormous cat, wearing a collar fairly covered with buttons, badges, buckles, tags and other mementos of the regiments his purring had cheered.

Isn't he a cat who deserves a place in our country's history? —*The Morning Star.*

If you cannot afford to feed a cat properly or are too busy to see that it is rightly treated, you ought not to keep a cat at all.

Cats are timid, nervous animals, easily frightened and hurt; it is very cowardly to abuse them.

Should you like to be homeless, friendless and starving? Then do not leave your cat behind, when you move.



TOM AND MITTS, Owned by Helen C. Hagar, Peabody, Mass.

Each has twenty-six toes, seven on each front paw and six on each hind paw

THE LONESOMEST OF ALL

By MINNIE LEONA UPTON

Absolute misery, rayless and drear;
Loneliness limitless, empty of cheer;
Offishness, fruitage of blow or rebuff;
Shyness, from learning the world's ways are rough;
Thievishness, coming from hunger that stings;
Doggend endurance of all Fortune's flings—
Only a lover of all such as he
Guesses how wretched A LOST DOG can be!

APPEAL FOR CATS AND DOGS

In a timely appeal for better treatment of animals which, according to his annual custom, Mr. Geo. Foster Howell makes, in the public prints of the city of Brooklyn, New York, where he has long been the sturdy champion of all four-footed kind, the following requests form a part:

Never keep a canine or a feline if you are unable to give it sufficient food. Fresh water should be provided in a clean dish or bowl at least twice a day. Dogs never should be kept chained or in confinement for any great length of time. They need exercise, fresh air and sunshine almost as much as we do. Never allow your dog or cat to become a nuisance to your neighbors. Remember that the latter have rights that you are bound to respect. Don't allow your dog to bark at a cat, for instance, for five minutes at a time, as that is very annoying to well people and positively harmful to ill people. Remember your cat cannot live by mice alone, she must have food and milk or at least food and water. When she has kittens be sure to drown or otherwise humanely put to death all of the litter but one, saving that one to abstract the milk from its mother. It is positively cruel to the cat to destroy all of the litter. If the one kitten that is kept is not wanted after it is a month or six weeks old, it should be given to those whose business it is to take care of such animals, and they will put it to painless death.

THE ANIMAL NEWS

The New York Women's League for Animals, of which Mrs. James Speyer is the efficient president, has launched *The Animal News* as the monthly organ of that society. The first number appears in attractive form, with twelve pages and cover about the size of *Our Dumb Animals*. Mrs. Edgar Van Etten, 36 West 40th street, is the manager and editor. We extend a cordial welcome to this latest accession to the ranks of "animal" journalism, and also to *The Humane Pleader*, organ of the Toronto (Ontario) Society.

EXPERIENCES WITH SAVAGE DOGS

By DARIUS COBB



WHEN the 44th Massachusetts Regiment was besieged in Washington, North Carolina, I was on one occasion confronted by a big wolf-dog that leaped from its kennel furiously upon me. The situation was a desperate one and called for instant action. I subdued that animal by throwing myself on all fours and springing towards him with cat-like snarls. He retreated into his kennel with piercing howls, and nothing could bring him out. I am certain that savage dogs can be completely cowered by the eye of man while his body is absolutely still, or by an intense and mysterious action with a corresponding look of the eye.

The following incident I relate as an example of this silent but effective method:

Several years ago I was sketching in an orchard which I afterwards learned had been repeatedly robbed by roughs from a settlement of hard characters a half mile away. Suddenly a large Newfoundland dog sprang out from a hedge that surrounded a series of terraces. With threatening growls he bounded toward me, his eyes glaring and foam running from his mouth. I ceased sketching and fixed my eyes on him as he descended, with all the intensity I could command. When the dog had reached the middle terrace he stopped and, though he barked furiously and showed his shining teeth, came no further. I stood motionless and with eyes fixed as adamant. All at once he turned and, running up the terraces, disappeared behind the hedge. I resumed my sketching, but it was with a sense of weakness resulting from the intense concentration of my will upon the dog.

Five minutes passed when the Newfoundland again appeared. He did not stop to bark this time, but down he came upon me, clearing a terrace at each spring. Why this unhalting charge? Ah, there it is! A huge mastiff is close behind, making springs like a wild beast. Both dogs were growling fiercely, and this with the foam that glistened on their teeth told too plainly what awaited me. That Newfoundland had gone to get help, and he got it. I saw that the mastiff had lost an eye, and so I had only three eyes to magnetize. As before, I stood fixed, not even permitting my lids to wink.

The Newfoundland leaped first, and planted his great paws so heavily on my breast as to nearly knock me over backward. My eyes were riveted upon him in all his fury, and in an instant he dropped to the ground. Three times he sprang at me, and each time I moved not a hair, keeping his eyes to mine. When he dropped the third time the mastiff, who had been growling with impatient fury, took his turn. His massive paws struck my chest more heavily even than had his leader's, and it was with effort that I stood against the blow. He, too, sprang at my throat and like the Newfoundland dropped to the ground. He repeated the attack three times, and seemed at the limit of frantic rage when he made his last spring. But my two eyes were too much for his one eye.

The moment the mastiff dropped to the ground for the third time both of the dogs turned and ran up the terraces as if I had charged them with buckshot. They disappeared behind the hedge, and though I was a half hour finishing the sketch they did not appear again. I could have robbed that orchard with impunity.

"Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save."

A PRINCE OF CURDOM

By MRS. E. ELLSWORTH SHUMAKER



BOY and a dog were at play on the wide green lawn of a country home. The boy might have been six years old. His bright curls were blown about his rosy face, and his dark eyes shone with abounding health. The white sailor suit he wore, the dainty shoes and stockings, the broad

hat of fine straw, all denoted the child of wealth and care.

The dog was in sharp contrast with the child and the surroundings. He was a rough tousled specimen of the sort commonly called *cur*,—good-sized, with stocky ungraceful legs, and a stubby tail that wagged delight incessantly. An indescribable nose now and again found its way into the palm of the child's hand. With all charity it was possible to accredit the ungainly beast with but one redeeming feature—a pair of honest eyes that looked out from behind his unaristocratic brows with unbounded good nature and affection.

Little David had found the dog one day just outside the driveway gates, a poor, half-starved, forsaken creature that licked his hand and mutely asked pity.

David's heart was touched. He brought the animal to the house, fed him, bathed him, and comforted him, and ended by christening him Prince—a forlorn prince, without a pedigree and without a heritage. After this the lovely child and the uncomely dog became closest comrades.

Indulgent parents looked on disapproving, yet admiring, and studied together how they might dissolve this unsuitable partnership without wounding the tender heart of their darling child.

On the lawn a little arm was thrown around a rough hairy neck and a pair of rosy lips brought close to a cocked hairy ear. "I want to tell you something, Prince."

The ear went up a trifle higher and a warm red tongue made a light moist dash across the child's cheek.

"I'm sure you'll be glad, Prince. I've got it all thought up. Are you lis'n'ing? It's 'most my birthday, you know, and father always brings me a present; but this time, doggie, I'm going to ask him to bring me something for you—all for you! Do you understand, Prince?"

The stubby tail patted the turf gently but delightedly, and the dog looked interested.

"I'm going to tell you what it is, Prince, though you do have the surprise now. Just listen—" and the rosy lips were brought still closer to the cocked ear—"a collar!"

A happy little laugh followed by a responsive bark frightened the birds from the overhanging branches.

"That will show you belong to some one, Prince. Dogs that belong to some one always wear collars, you know. And you belong to me now—forever-and-ever."

Prince brought the stubby tail down hard twice on the turf as though reiterating the last word.

The sound of an automobile on the driveway made the pair look up.

"There's father!" cried the boy, and child and dog raced across the lawn pell-mell to meet the tall pleasant-looking man who sprung from the car and came toward them.

"How's my David?" he asked, lifting the child in his arms to kiss him. "And—how's the Prince of *Cur-dom* too?"

"We're just splendid, father," answered the



Photograph by Jamison Studio, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISS HARRIETTE JOHNSTON OF PITTSBURGH AND HER FAVORITE PET

boy, embracing the big brown head with all his might, "and we've got something to ask you—you haven't we, Prince?"

Prince gave two short barks as if to say, "We have."

"What now?" asked the father. "Shall you make me promise? Let us sit in the shade and hear all about it." And, with a light kiss on the bright curls, he lifted the boy gently to the ground.

Seated beneath the great elm with one hand in his father's, the other on the dog's rough head, David preferred his request with serious, hopeful eyes that looked straight into the loving ones above him.

"You see, father, I might lose him without the collar," he ended, "but when he has a collar with 'Prince' on it, a Prince of Cur—I don't b'lieve I like the name you call him so well, father. We could put it 'a Prince—a Prince that belongs to David.' I think that would be nice—don't you? Then everybody'd know he's my dog. A silver collar with 'A prince that belongs to David' on it. Wouldn't that be beau-ti-ful! Oh! will you get it, father? I 'most know you will." And the hand that stroked the dog was raised to clasp its mate behind the big down-bending head.

The man's countenance became somewhat perplexed, and his eyes studied the shadows on the turf for a space while he remained silent.

A shade of doubt dulled a little the radiant expectancy of the child's face and he repeated, "Will you get it, father?"

"Birthdays, David, are times for surprises, you know, so I mustn't say just what will happen then, something nice I'm sure. Just wait and see—one, two, three days, that's all."

David seemed quite satisfied and said, "Prince and I'll wait *very patiently*—won't we, Prince?" And on the suggestion that they go find mother, the trio crossed the lawn in merry mood, and were soon lost to view behind the clematis vines that drooped over the low piazza.

The evening before the birthday David's father returned from town earlier than usual. The boy did not see him when he arrived. In a large field at the rear of the house was an artificial pond stocked with fish. Thither the boy, accompanied by Prince, had gone.

It was a lovely spot. The waters from the upland springs, held captive in a deep green bowl, seemed sweetly resigned to imprisonment, and laughed into the face of the sky. The banks were lightly shaded by rock-maples. On the farthest side the trees thickened with the ascending slope, until they formed a little grove at the crest of the acclivity.

So simply rural was the effect of all that it was difficult to believe other than that nature had dropped the little lake into the pretty hollow and held it there.

The touch of man's art was discernible in a diminutive boat-house and bath-houses, faintly traceable among the leaves. On the bank lay a gaily painted canoe, the paddle carelessly thrown across the seats.

Here was David, sitting on a round stone, his tiny toes almost touching the water, while hook and line, and box of worms furnished material for the exciting game at hand. Prince, prone on the ground, with nose in paws, guarded two or three small fish, proof of the little angler's patience and industry.

David was permitted to visit this place alone, and to fish from the shore; but farther his

liberty did not extend. On no account was he to go in or on the water unattended, and the child, accustomed from babyhood to obedience, never thought of the slightest infringement of the rule.

Just as he was laying his fourth catch before Prince, he heard his father's voice calling him from the house and, hurriedly gathering up fish and tackle, with a "Come, come, Prince, father's home!" he ran eagerly up the bank.

From the side lawn the parents watched their darling's coming. David caught sight of them when he reached the rim of the green bowl—his father's tall form, and the white gown of his mother against the green background. But as he drew nearer he saw they were not alone. A third figure made up the little group, a four-footed something—yes, a dog!

Breathless David forgot all but the last as he stood before them, nor heeded Prince's persistent nose congratulating him on the finish of the run—but whose furtive eye showed that he was not unmindful of the intruder.

The new-comer was a beauty—a superb collie, silken and glossy of coat, and shapely of limb. The finely-outlined head, the graceful neck, the delicate nose and velvet ears, all bore evidence of the dog's high-bred origin. As canine beauty goes here seemed nothing lacking in the regal animal. And, as a finishing touch, around the beautiful neck was clasped a collar—a collar with bright silver mountings.

"O-o-oh!" exclaimed David, "where did he come from?"

"This, David," said the father, laying his hand on the head of the new dog, "is your birthday present."

"O father! he is lovely, but—but I've got one dog, and maybe Prince'll feel bad. Of course I'll always love him best though, and—perhaps he won't care."

"Would you, Prince?" looking affectionately into the brown eyes.

The mother stooped down and, putting one arm across the collie's neck, beckoned the boy to her side.

"Come, darling, read what's on the collar," she said.

David knelt and, holding the collar between two chubby hands, slowly read, "A—Prince—that—belongs—to—David."

"Why, this is Prince's collar!" he exclaimed, an expression of mingled delight and perplexity on the small face.

"You do not understand, David," said the mother. "This is the new Prince; he is to take the place of the old. You will love him just as well in a little while. We cannot keep both, and when you come to know the beautiful new Prince, you'll soon forget the ugly old one."

"Oh, no, no! mother. Prince must always be my very best dog. I don't think he's ugly—he's just beautiful when he looks into your eyes. I can't lose my own Prince. Don't say that, mother!" and the little face, half-resentful, half-frightened, wholly pathetic, hid itself in the dog's fury side.

A season of gentle remonstrance and attempted persuasion followed, but David could not be moved. "I want my own Prince! I want my own Prince!" was ever his cry; and the ready tears of childhood overflowed the bright cheeks, and moistened the old Prince's dull rough coat.

The parents, seeing nothing was to be gained by prolonging the trying scene, decided to dismiss the subject, and to take the matter into their own hands. The short memory and natural rebound of childhood, together with the presence of the new playfellow, could not fail they thought to adjust matters when once the old dog was out of sight.

So David was pacified for the moment. Other surprises on the morrow were tactfully suggested, and they left him under the trees apparently content, in the companionship of the old friend and the new—the two Princes.

The birthday dawned clear and lovely, and the early sunbeams sought by every chink and crevice to enter the shuttered window of David's pretty room. Fully an hour earlier than was his habit, they found the small boy lying with wide-open eyes from which every trace of sleep had vanished. A vague uneasiness had troubled the last dreamful hours and, now that the weariness of yesterday had all but passed, the usual light morning slumber refused to weigh down the eyelids; and David found himself gazing at the shaft of sunlight that lay like a golden bar suspended between the window and his pillow. His first thought was of Prince—the dear old Prince! and he almost wished the new dog had not come. An undefined fear lay at his heart—of what he could not tell.

But he would like to seem glad for the beautiful gift. Father had meant to make him happy. But father and mother had not understood when they spoke of sending Prince away. Perhaps grown-up people couldn't understand little boys and dogs.

But now he'd get up and dress himself without waiting for anybody, and go find his Prince. Maybe he was unhappy with the proud new dog sharing the shed with him. At any rate he'd go and find him, and show him he loved him more than ever.

Just as he was beginning the awkward task of dressing, he heard his father's voice in the hall, and that of Jenson, the gardener. Something in the low tones startled him, and he hurried to the door which was slightly ajar.

"Let it all be over before the boy wakens, Jenson. Take him to the maple grove—that is remote—and be merciful as possible," were the words that fell on his ear.

David's heart stood still and his breath would not come for a moment. Then with trembling lips he gasped, "My Prince! my own Prince!"

Would they kill him? Would they bury him in the maple grove—and he should never see him again?

What could he do? Should he run to father and beseech him? or should he go after Jenson and save Prince himself?

But father had returned to his room; the door was shut. Jenson had already gone. He must go after him! He must save Prince!

With feverish haste he wrestled with his small garments. The buttons would not stay. The ribbon of a little yellow shoe broke with his eager straining. Everything seemed to go wrong. But, never mind—the one purpose remained—he must save Prince!

A dishevelled half-dressed little figure finally slipped down the broad stairway. It paused just long enough at the shed door to make sure only one occupant was within, the beautiful collie. It sprang up to greet the visitor, but David pulled the door shut and hurried on.

Across the field in the direction of the pond he sped, scanning the intervening space as he ran; but no trace of man or dog was visible.

When he reached the rim of the green bowl his eyes followed the foot-path that led to the other side. It was empty.

How long would it take him to traverse it? Should he be too late?

A thought struck him—the canoe! There it lay at the water's edge, a light shell that he could easily push out. His father had often let him take the paddle—he knew how—and it would save much time!

For once all regard to prohibitions was gone,

swept away by the overruling idea—he must save Prince!

The feat of launching was not so easy, but it was accomplished. And a wild little boatman, wet to the knees, with glowing cheeks and dilated eyes, pushed the canoe farther and farther out into the water.

The voyage was slow and painful, but with numberless readjustings of the unruly paddle, and by dint of much straining, the shore gradually receded.

As the tiny craft was nearing the farther side, and the flame of hope in David's breast growing brighter, there suddenly rang out on the still morning air a rifle-shot, followed in a moment by another—then silence!

The paddle dropped from the boy's hands. A haze seemed to gather before his eyes, and he would have thrown himself on his face. As it was, his weight fell prone against the side of the canoe and, almost immediately, the treacherous shell floated away bottom upward, while the blue disturbed waves leaped about a little figure that rested on the surface for a moment—then sank from sight.

In the grove Jenson had tied the unresisting dog to a stout sapling by a piece of hempen rope. Only after he had withdrawn a short distance and raised the rifle did the animal's trustful eyes change their expression to one of suspicion and fear. But he sought to make short work of his task and end the suspense for both. He sighted the animal's breast and fired, but a bounding leap at the moment led the bullet to pierce the muscle of a fore leg and thence to pass directly through the strands of the rope. Thus weakened, they parted with the strain, and Prince fled wildly down the slope, leaving in his wake a trail of blood. A second shot went wild.

At the house David had been missed, and the alarmed parents instinctively turned in the direction of the grove. When they reached the pond they beheld with agonized eyes, far out on the water, the floating canoe—the morning sun shining on its upturned keel.

With sickening dread they hurried along the path to the opposite shore. Jenson from the slope, and the parents from the pathway, sighted at the same moment two objects on the grassy bank close to the water's edge—a dog and a child. Prince, dripping with water, and faint from the loss of blood and great physical strain, lay with head heavy on the turf, a dimness over his half-closed eyes. David, with torn blouse, showing traces of rescuing teeth, was unconscious—his pretty head close to his friend's breast.

The picture told its own story. Little more need be said. The child David was restored to consciousness, to life and health. With grateful hearts the loving parents watched his recovery. And upon Prince was bestowed scarcely less care than that lavished upon the child. He was carried to a bed beneath the same roof that covered his little master; the wounded limb was carefully dressed, and everything done for his comfort. And so it came about that his return to health, though slower, was in the end quite as complete.

The second morning David was permitted to visit him. The stubby tail wagged more feebly but with the same old welcome, and the honest eyes lighted with the glad loving look that made David think him "beautiful."

The boy put his arms around the stretched-out neck and his hands touched something hard—a collar. He pushed away the rough hair and beheld its bright newness, its silver mountings. He turned it gladly to the light and read the words on the silver plate—"A Prince that belongs to David."

Love's Power Over Wild Animals

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "The Story of Scraggles," "Living the Radiant Life," "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian," "Through Ramona's Country," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

How I Entered Ursa's Pit



URSA was in his recess asleep when I descended. Quietly giving his love-call I awaited his coming. Sleepily and stretching himself in his awkward, clumsy way he came out towards the bars—where I was not, though that, of course, was the place he had always hitherto found me. Not seeing

me he looked around in a sort of half surprised way, as much as to say that surely his ears had not deceived him, and certainly his nose could not, when, suddenly, he saw me, inside his pit, and close to him. Call it imagination if you will, he certainly appeared to me in that moment to show pleasure and arousal in a high degree. He was no longer either clumsy, awkward, sleepy or slow. In a moment he was upright, his arms extended toward me, as mine were to him, and the next moment we were in a close embrace. For just an instant or two I was half hesitant, and when his hug did seem a little too strenuous I tried the effect of tickling him. Rubbing my thumb knuckle up and down his ribs, he dodged—as people do who are ticklish—and the strength of his grasp was relaxed. I did this perhaps half a dozen times in as many minutes, and by that time, either he or I had learned our lesson—he that he must not hug too tight or I that I must not be afraid that he would do so.

That was a memorable and unforgettable night to me; whatever it was to Ursa. I have been privileged to meet many wise, learned and important men and women in my life, yet I can recall my first meetings with but few as vividly as this first uninterrupted meeting with Ursa, and none that gave me any more real and lasting pleasure.

We wrestled, and tumbled over each other, turning somersaults and frolicking generally, until tired with laughing and the active exercise I performed sat down on the floor of the pit with my back to the wall. Then, standing before me, he looked quizzically and affectionately at me, as if he was taking it into his head that I was tired and wanted to rest. (Don't be alarmed, my scientific friends and think I am asserting that Ursa thought all this; I am merely asserting the mental effect his actions produced upon me). The next moment he did, what ever afterwards was the thing he most enjoyed doing and that he used to beg to do again and again but that I kept as a rare bit of delight to be relished on rare occasions only. He squatted down on his haunches in front of me, threw one great paw as if protectingly around me, thrust his nose on

to my shoulder and up to my neck, and then—how can I describe it—he allowed his whole body to "sag," as it were, so that he was partially on my lap, and thus we sat for quite a while.

Do not forget that his body was as cleanly as my own; his skin as white and pink as a baby's and his hair in perfect condition. Naturally there was a slight oily odor but it was not at all unpleasant, and I knew his habits so well that I had no fear on the score of uncleanness.

One night, a week or so later, I descended the ladder when it was dark and chilly. I had had a hard day's work, was very weary, and some-

until morning, and in no case was I ever the worse for it.

But I must return to my first night's adventure. When I thought I had been in the pit long enough I ascended the ladder. To my surprise Ursa followed. I stepped off upon the coping and he was so close behind me that I feared he would do likewise and then—there would be a loose bear and I should have all kinds of censure to meet, let alone taking care of the bear. What was I to do? I scarcely knew, yet instinctively I did the first thing that suggested itself. I held the ladder out at arm's length, while Ursa held on to the top round and began to mouth my hand in his usual affectionate and demonstrative manner. But I was through. It was growing too late for me to be up. I must get off to bed. The moon was shining so brightly that it seemed almost as light as day, yet that didn't help any. It only revealed Ursa's determination to keep as close to me as he could as long as he could. I shook the ladder vigorously, but it had no effect. I tried to push him down, but he was ten times stronger than I. He was not a dog trained to "Down, sir!" at the word, and I dared not speak too loudly for fear of attracting the hotel watchman not far away. There was only one thing I could do. That was to get on to the ladder and take him down and then make him stay there while I ascended and made my escape. I had heard of men grabbing a bear and then not daring to leave hold. Here was I in a similar fix though in a somewhat different fashion. I wanted to leave hold but my bear didn't want to let me go.

Pulling the ladder to me I got on it and as I descended Ursa slid down as readily as could be. Instantly I thought I would ascend quickly and escape before he was aware. I tried it, but it was only a trial. Talk about the clumsiness of a bear. He may be clumsy, but his motions are often as quick as those of a cat and as sure. Ursa seemed to divine my intent. The moment I began to ascend again he was after me like a

shot and before I could gain the coping and pull up the ladder he was close on to my heels.

I descended again; coaxed him into his "bedroom"—the recess before referred to—and again tried to leave him. That plan didn't work. I took him by the haunches and turned him head over; but before I was half way up the ladder he was after me. The next time when he followed me I held my legs wide apart so that his head and shoulders came up between them, and then, half in desperation and half in affection, I threw myself on his back, and flung my arms around his neck. It did not disconcert him in the slightest. As readily as if he were used to it he clasped the uprights of the ladder in his arms

(Continued on page 188)



"WE SLID TO THE FOOT OF THE LADDER"

what depressed. After a few minutes' frolic with Ursa I sat down in a desire to rest. In a moment he was before me, squatted on his haunches, his paw over my arm, his nose on my shoulder, and his body partially on my lap in such a way as to cover me and keep me perfectly warm. I suppose it must have been the weariness and warmth combined with the sense of absolute security that lulled me off to sleep. Sure I am that the white light of dawn was shining on the mountain before I awoke, refreshed and cheered by my first night's sleep in the arms of a bear.

Nor was this my last experience of this kind. Many other times, thrice purposely, I dropped off to sleep in this fashion and did not awaken

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

Boston, May, 1912

FOR TERMS see last page, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all the newspapers who receive this paper this month are invited to copy any of the articles, except when copyrighted, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS of prose and verse relating to animals are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

WE INSIST IT IS A MISTAKE

There are some who wonder of what use an animal hospital can be when all the horses have disappeared. Leaving out of account the rest of the animal world, we are not worrying at all over the disappearing of the horse. The auto-truck manufacturers are very positive they have the horse pretty nearly *hors de combat*. Do not believe them, and take with many grains of salt their astonishing statements in the press. The horse will be here when these men anxious to sell their cars are where other methods of locomotion besides those by gasoline and electricity are in vogue. We have too much testimony from men who have tried the auto-truck for short urban hauls and who have found them ruinous in the matter of expense, to do anything but smile when we hear people talk about the finish of the horse. In one of the largest wagon and carriage establishments in the country we were very recently told the business was rapidly returning to former conditions. The auto-truck for short distances within city limits has already nearly bankrupted many of those who have experimented with it. We are thoroughly convinced that while the automobile is here to stay for many purposes, that multitudes will return to the horse and carriage. Not a few are doing this now.

Read the following from one of our exchanges:

About everybody knows of the Frank Parmelee Transfer Company, in Chicago. The concern hauls practically all the passengers and all the trunks that come in and go out of the city.

The manager of the company says that after long investigation he has found that automobiles are too expensive. Auto sales agents have been trying all kinds of plans to make him see it otherwise, but he says they cannot make good as against the horse. He was willing to supplant the horse if something better offered, as he was not in business for sentiment, but tests have shown the horse to be the cheapest motive power.

So many instances of this kind keep cropping out that it seems like begging the question to continually mention them.

F.H.R.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY

We are glad to report that the S. P. C. A. in New York expects to have its emergency hospital for animals completed in about two months. We asked Manager Horton the other day if he thought the vanishing of the horse would render it some day needless. His reply was that however rapidly the auto-truck increased, there would always be enough poor men and small truckmen who would have to depend on horses to keep our humane societies and animal hospitals busy for all time. We do not think this statement can be denied with reason. One of the largest carriage dealers in Washington told us recently that many of his old customers were going back to horse-drawn vehicles and that his trade showed a marked improvement.

F.H.R.

PROVE IT

Your actual interest in the prevention of cruelty to animals by writing the letters suggested elsewhere under the heading "How Humane Are You?"

A PERSISTENT EVIL

While in some parts of our country the use of that instrument of torture, the overdraw check-rein, has been steadily decreasing, we are constantly being reminded that in many sections it is almost universal. Nothing, as we can see it, makes a horse look less well harnessed than this ugly device that pulls the head into an unnatural position, spoils whatever fine lines the neck may have, and gives the unfortunate animal such a strained and uncomfortable appearance.

In Paris last summer, though we were looking for it over a space of three weeks, we did not see more than half a dozen of these senseless appliances. Thousands of drivers, we imagine, have never thought of the cruelty of it. They buy a harness and take the check that comes with it. Many, of course, care little what the horse suffers. They like the overdraw and they use it. No man with any imagination would put it upon his horse for an hour. If here and there a man owns a horse he thinks he cannot control without an overdraw check and its additional bit, the vast majority would find their horses driving better and working better, and made far more comfortable either without any check or with an easy side check. We are not theorizing. We know from experience. If this abomination prevails in your community, humane reader, write us and we will send you some literature upon the subject, at the bare cost of publication, to distribute. The opinions will not be ours, but those of well-known horsemen and veterinarians.

F.H.R.

HOW HUMANE ARE YOU?

We give below the names of the committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce before which is the bill in the interests of millions of little calves whose sufferings in transportation and slaughter are referred to in the article on the first page, entitled "Congress and Cruelty." Nothing is truer than that a flood of letters pouring in from all over the country upon a congressional committee, and upon other representatives and senators with reference to desired legislation, is a powerful factor in its behalf.

Now, therefore, dear reader, if you are really humane, here is your chance. Write at once to each of these men named below, urging them to report favorably House Bill 17222. Or if you will not write them all, do not fail to write the chairman, Mr. Adamson, and your own senators and representatives. It will not be in vain. If you do not do what you can to help this measure can you come to any other conclusion save that your humanness is a matter of sentiment only, and not of principle as well?

The House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce consists of William C. Adamson, Georgia; William Richardson, Alabama; Thetus W. Sims, Tennessee; William R. Smith, Texas; Robert F. Broussard, Louisiana; Henry M. Goldfogle, New York; Courtney W. Hamlin, Missouri; Adolph J. Sabath, Illinois; John A. Martin, Colorado; J. Harry Covington, Maryland; William A. Cullop, Indiana; Samuel W. Gould, Maine; Frank E. Doremus, Michigan; J. H. Goeke, Ohio; Frederick C. Stevens, Minnesota; John J. Esch, Wisconsin; Joseph R. Knowland, California; William M. Calder, New York; Edward L. Hamilton, Michigan; Michael E. Driscoll, New York; Eben W. Martin, South Dakota.

F.H.R.

SOME SAYINGS OF VICTOR HUGO TAKEN FROM "LES MISERABLES"

Animals

"Poor horse!" sighed Fantine; and Dahlia shouted: "Why, here is Fantine beginning to feel pity for horses; how can she be such a fool?"

"He," the good Bishop, "stopped and looked at something on the ground. It was a large, black, hairy, horrible spider. His sister heard him utter, 'Poor brute, it is not thy fault.' Why should we not repeat these almost divinely childish sayings of goodness? They may be puerile, but of such were the sublime puerilities of Saint Francis of Assisi and Marcus Aurelius. One day he sprained his ankle because he did not wish to crush an ant."

"They approached an incline in the quay, which allowed cab drivers coming from Passy to water their horses in the river. This incline has since been suppressed for the sake of symmetry—horses die of thirst, but the eye is pleased."

"Joly seeing a cat stalking along a gutter, extracted this philosophy from the fact. 'What is the cat?' he exclaimed. 'It is a corrective. The good God, having made a mouse, said to himself: "Hullo! I have done a foolish thing." And so he made the cat. The cat is the erratum of the mouse. The mouse plus the cat is the revised and corrected proof of creation."

War

"Harmony persisted in contrary to good sense, is often more onerous than war. From this secret conflict, ever muzzled but ever growling, emerged armed peace, that ruinous expedient of civilization suspecting itself."

"It has been calculated that in salvos, royal and military politeness, exchanges of courtesy signals, formalities of roadsteads and citadels, sunset and sunrise saluted every day by all fortresses and vessels of war, opening and closing ports, etc., the civilized world fires every twenty-four hours, and in all parts of the globe, one hundred and fifty thousands of useless rounds. At six francs the round, this makes nine hundred thousand francs a day. Three hundred millions a year expended in smoke! Meantime poor people are dying of starvation." (This was in 1862.)

\$50 REWARD FOR PAVEMENT

Offered by American Humane Association

The American Humane Association hereby offers a reward of fifty dollars (\$50.00) for the best solution of the problem of slippery streets and for the most practical form of pavement which shall at once be non-slippery for horses, sanitary for the public, and durable from an economic standpoint. It is, of course, understood that the cost of such pavement must not be so high as to be prohibitive for use, that it must be readily kept flushed and cleaned, and that it shall not unduly jolt or jar the horses' feet, as is too frequently the case with granite block. It must also be adaptable to hills as well as comparatively level streets.

All communications sent in competition for this reward should be addressed to The American Humane Association, Albany, New York, and marked on the envelope,—"In Competition for Reward for Improved Street Pavements." The giving of the reward will be left to a committee composed of a practical humane officer, a practising veterinarian, an experienced horseman, a city engineer and the secretary of this Association. Contestants must submit their papers and specifications by June 15, 1912.

WILLIAM O. STILLMAN, President.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868

See names of Officers and Agents on pages 193 and 194.

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance, etc.) Fort Hill 2640

Our two Societies receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation, binding themselves to pay to the donors, so long as they shall live, a reasonable rate of interest upon the same, or an annuity for a sum agreed upon. The rate of interest will depend upon the age of the donor.

Our carefully invested funds, and the large financial experience of those to whom are entrusted the care and management of them, make an investment like this as good, practically, as a government bond.

Many who have but a few thousand will be able by this arrangement to obtain a much better rate of interest than in any other way, and with absolute safety guaranteed.

No legal contest, or attempt to break a will is possible with reference to money so given.

The President of the Societies solicits correspondence, asking for further details.

OUR MONTH'S REPORT

Animals examined	6286
Number of prosecutions.....	28
Number of convictions	27
Horses taken from work.....	129
Horses humanely killed	102

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	42,081
Cattle and swine killed	284

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$5020 from Mrs. Anna P. Peabody of Salem, \$2500 from Miss Harriet E. Goodnow, of Sterling, \$1000 from Mrs. Mary E. Jones of Boston, \$1000 from John Souther of Newton, \$633.54 from Mrs. Mary L. Peabody of Milton, \$500 from Mrs. Louise A. Rice of Milford, and \$300 from Mrs. Anna L. George of Haverhill. It is also one of the residuary legatees under the will of Mrs. Anna M. Sargent of Boston. The Society has received \$800, interest from the Elisha V. Ashton estate; and, for the Angell Memorial Building, \$500 from "a friend"; \$500 from Miss Mary C. Wiggin; \$100 from Mrs. Susan Cabot; \$100 from Mrs. Mary B. Olmsted, "in memory of three loved and loving dog friends, Tige, Shep and Watch"; and \$25 from Mrs. Katherine S. Dodge. It has also received a gift of \$25 from Mrs. Herbert Beech.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$10,000, bequest of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble of Mansfield; and gifts of \$100 from "a New York friend," \$100 from a friend in Paris, and \$140 from "a co-worker" for distribution of humane literature.

Boston, April 17, 1912.

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

Only those who know how hard we have been working for the legislation that has just been secured in this state, the Governor's signature to the measure being given April 4, can understand our gratification and sense of achievement. We doubt if any single piece of legislation in the history of our Society has been of greater value to us in our work than this will be. The agents of humane societies in New York State and Pennsylvania have long had the power now given us, but Massachusetts has been slow to grant us the authority needed whereby we could most effectively carry out the purposes of our organization.

As will be seen by the bill, which has now become a law, our agents have throughout the commonwealth the powers of constables and police officers to arrest and detain any person violating any law of the commonwealth for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Heretofore it has been necessary, after securing evidence of a violation of these laws, to obtain a warrant for the arrest of the man, and in many cases the man has falsified as to his name and address when discovered in some act of cruelty, and so escaped his just punishment. The moral power that this will give to our agents is one of the greatest assets our Society could possess. To senators and representatives we are grateful for their support, and particularly to His Honor, the Mayor, for his influence in aiding us in securing the passage of this bill.

This is the act which is now a part of the law of Massachusetts:—

AN ACT

Relative to the Appointment of Certain Special Police Officers

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

Section 1. The governor may appoint, at the request of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, duly accredited agents of that society as special police officers to serve for one year from the date of their appointment, subject to removal by the governor. Such officers shall serve without pay, except their regular compensation as agents of said society. They shall receive no fees for services or return of any criminal process and shall have, throughout the commonwealth, the powers of constables and police officers to arrest and detain any person violating any law of the commonwealth for the prevention of cruelty to animals; but this act shall not empower any officers so appointed to serve any process in civil cases, nor to exercise any powers of a police officer or constable except in the enforcement of the laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals, as above provided.

Section 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

AN IMPORTED CRUELTY

Blinding birds to make them sing is not an American practice. The first instance of this cruelty in this country which has come to our attention occurred recently in Springfield where our agent secured the arrest of a man charged with burning out the eyes of two goldfinches. That the brutal act was committed was plainly in evidence. At the last account the endeavor was being made to find the one actually guilty of the deed. F.H.R.

When making your will, remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

NEARLY 500 NEW BANDS

Since our last monthly report there have been organized 481 new branches of the Band of Mercy. Of 186 Bands formed in the public schools of Rhode Island, 142 were in Pawtucket and 35 in Woonsocket. There were 125 branches reported from the public schools of Boston. Of 131 Bands organized in Pennsylvania, seventy-eight were in the public schools of Pittsburgh and forty-nine in those of North Braddock. Fourteen very large Bands, some of them numbering over 300 members, are made up of school children in New Orleans. The numerals show the number of different Bands in each school:

Schools in Boston, Massachusetts

Robert G. Shaw, 8; Rice, 15; Hyde, 12; Asa Gray, 4; St. James, 4; Sherwin, 13; Henry Vane, 5; Washington Allston, 13; Chas. C. Perkins, 8; George Putnam, 11; Quincy, 14; Dillaway, 12; Kenilworth St., 6.

Boston, Mass.: Seneca.

Dorchester, Mass.: "Mercy."

Schools in Rhode Island

Coventry: Harris, 3.

Pawtucket: Cleveland St., 4; Broadway Grammar, 12; Middle St., 4; Darlington, 14; Summit St.; Cherry St., 5; Lincoln Ave., 4; Capitol St., 5; Laurel Hill, 5; Church, 9; Ridge, 2; Grove St., 14; Fairlawn, 14; Smithfield Ave., 2; Baldwin St., 19; South Woodlawn, 15; Garden St., 13.

Providence: Summer St., 6.

Woonsocket: Social St., 12; Kendrick Ave., 6; Providence St., 6; Fairmount, 6; Pothier, 3; Pothier Training, 2.

Buffalo, New York: Buffalo.

Erwin, New York: Erwin.

Malone, New York: The Helpers.

Port Jefferson, New York: Port Jefferson L. T. L.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: "Be Kind"; Earnest Workers; Philadelphia S. P. C. A.; "Try To Be Kind."

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Presbyterian S. S.

Schools in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

J. M. Logan, 12; Roosevelt, 12; Glenwood, 6; Browns; Hazelwood Annex, 9; Hazelwood Main, 18; Greenfield, 13; Knoxville, 6; Squirrel Hill.

Schools in North Braddock, Pennsylvania

Ward I, 17; Ward II, 17; Ward III, 15.

Berkley Springs, West Virginia: North Berkley School.

Blackville, South Carolina: Ebenezer.

Columbus, Mississippi: Barrow School, Grade 2.

Riverhead, Mississippi: Florence Mitchell, L. T. L.

Schools in New Orleans, Louisiana

Phiny Lafon, 3; Washington; McDonogh No. 15; Gayarre; Jefferson Davis; T. G. Semmes; McDonogh No. 2; Henry Berg; McDonogh No. 8; McDonogh No. 3; 2; Joseph A. Maglin.

Huntington, Indiana: Public School, Grade 5.

Adams, Nebraska: "Mercy."

Blair, Nebraska: Blair.

Omaha, Nebraska: Beals School, 10.

Buffalo, South Dakota: Little Temperance Band.

Total number of Bands of Mercy, 83,836.

NOTICE TO HUMANE AGENTS

Will not agents of humane societies watch for any evidences of the cruelty indicated below? The quotation is from the *American Horse Breeder*:

"It is not a pleasant sight to see four legs entirely raw where the hopples have chafed, as we have seen them on not a few tracks. We have wondered why the long-named Society never interfered in some instances." F.H.R.

FROM AN ECONOMIC POINT OF VIEW

The following are some of the mottoes of the Walker-Gordon Milk Farm:

"Kindness to the animals puts dollars in the milk-pail."

"Treat a cow as you would a lady."

"Every time you strike a cow it costs you dollars. They are sensitively organized animals."

The farmer is one who least of all can afford to be inhumane. F.H.R.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

A HUMANE SOCIETY OF TWO

We know a gentleman and his wife who have constituted themselves a humane society of two. On the street, whether walking or in their automobile, their eyes are open for any form of cruelty, indifference or neglect that involves animal suffering. Team after team has been stopped, inquiry made as to why the horse is lame, or galled, or so evidently half-starved. The case is reported to our agents and followed up by them, with the result that sometimes a prosecution has been instituted; oftener perhaps, some poor old victim of man's inhumanity put to death, or sent to a rest farm for the remainder of its days. Oh, if there were a thousand such humane societies where now there is one!

To multitudes of people this sort of service rendered God's lowly creatures seems to have no special value worth mentioning. Few apparently would think of it as part of a full-rounded religious life. But is there any religion of the ideal kind that can ever go its way indifferent to the sufferings of bird or beast? Ethical writers ignore the moral issues involved in our relations to the animal world. Many a Christian minister would deem it beneath his high calling to devote a sermon to this theme. With the increasingly deepening insight into life, with the tendency growing less to draw hard and fast lines, saying here all that is animal ends and all that is man begins, our teachers of ethics, soon or late, will be compelled to face problems hitherto left untouched.

F.H.R.

AN OPPORTUNITY

A letter just received brings the good news that a society for the protection of animals has been recently formed in Madrid, Spain. The foundress, Miss Emma Taft, writes, "Considering our object is the same, I feel sure this information will be pleasing to you and your Society, and as I find but little help (and there is so much to be done here, especially providing drinking fountains, we have not one yet), I should be more than grateful if you would kindly interest your good friends in this new foundation, as the people of Spain pay little or no attention to this matter."

We are very glad to do anything to encourage this brave worker in a hard field. Here is a splendid chance for someone to build the first drinking fountain in Madrid. The address is Plaza de Bilbao, 10 peal.

F.H.R.

COLLEGE BAND IN SYRIA

A young Moslem student in the Syrian Protestant College, Beirut, is forming a Band of Mercy, for which the Humane Education Society of that city has ordered one hundred of our button badges.

MERCY SUNDAY IN MAY

We are glad to publish and approve the plan of a "Mercy Sunday" which is offered by the American Humane Association. Samples of such literature as we have suited for this observance, especially "A Festival of Tender Mercies," will be sent free to any clergyman or Sunday-school worker who is interested enough to send for them. The "Festival" was used recently with much interest in the Unitarian Sunday-school at Littleton, New Hampshire. The service was supplemented by recitations of the "Horse's Prayer" and other pieces, quotations about kindness to animals by the smallest children, special music, repetition of the Band of Mercy pledge, etc. In the morning, the pastor, Rev. P. J. Robinson, delivered a sermon on "The Relation between Man and Animals."

President William O. Stillman of the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, sends us the following communication, addressed to humane societies and workers:

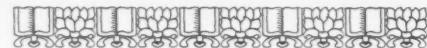
"I take this opportunity of calling to your attention the practice, which is fairly well established in many sections of the United States and largely so in England, of having one Sunday church service in the year devoted to a plea for mercy and kindness for the weak and helpless in the community, whether child or beast. Would it not be wise for all our societies to make a concerted effort to have "Mercy Sunday" generally observed throughout the United States? This Association has a set of three leaflets devoted to this subject. 'Mercy Sunday A' is devoted to a general plea for the observance of the day on some Sunday during the month of May. 'Mercy Sunday B' contains suggestions for clergymen who desire to preach on the subject, and 'Mercy Sunday C' contains special Sunday-school services in observance of the day.

"I earnestly appeal to all American humanitarians to make a special effort this year to have Mercy Sunday observed generally. Letters addressed to all clergymen should be sent out soon by local societies, supported by such literature as you may deem desirable. Do not let failure to succeed deter any local society from keeping up this agitation, which seeks to enlist the intelligent cooperation and interest of Christian people everywhere. Let us speak for those who cannot speak for themselves. Let us not forget that the beatitude, 'Blessed are the merciful,' may well find special expression and exemplification on one Sunday in the year in view of the beneficent spirit which has caused an increase in humanity all over the world."

AN APPEAL FROM SANTA CLAUS

The Santa Claus Association, of Cincinnati, Ohio, of which Mr. W. G. Brown is chairman, distributes annually at Christmas to each poor child in that city a basket containing provisions, several toys, and a book. This year the Association wishes to place one of our humane books, "Black Beauty," "The Strike at Shane's," "Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst," or "The Lady of the Robins," in each basket.

Here is an opportunity for some of our generous friends to assist in the good work of distributing humane literature among the poor children of that city. Mr. Brown writes that they will need possibly ten thousand copies. The Santa Claus Association can afford to buy from us, at cost, six thousand, and our American Humane Education Society hopes to donate at least one thousand more, and would like to give the three or four thousand copies that will be needed to ensure each child a book. Fifty dollars will pay the cost of one thousand. Who will play Santa Claus, to this extent, for the poor boys and girls of Cincinnati?



In the Editor's Library



GREYFRIARS BOBBY, Eleanor Atkinson.

Remarkable are the historical facts concerning the life of Bobby, the little Skye terrier that lived in Greyfriars kirkyard, Edinburgh, and kept watch and ward for fourteen years over the grave of the master he could never forget. Such a record of love, courage, loyalty and self-sacrifice made by a homeless and masterless dog will ever be memorable. We are pleased that so complete a biography of Bobby has recently been written. The story as retold in the present volume adds further lustre to the name of an already famous dog and will touch the heart of every friend of animals who reads it.

Greyfriars Bobby was indeed a wonderful dog, a real, loving, intelligent animal despite some attempts to discredit the fact of his existence. A half century ago he would have been found in or near Greyfriars kirkyard where "Auld Jock," his shepherd-master, was taken for burial with the little dog as his sole mourner. The author presents a most entertaining account of Bobby's many adventures, his escapes from those who tried to induce him to transfer his love from a cold grave to a warm hearth, how he wins his way to the heart of the old caretaker and is allowed to stay near the beloved mound of earth that covered his master, though against the rules.

One of the best tributes ever paid to a worthy dog was the act of the Lord Provost in licensing Bobby for life after the poor children of the neighborhood, who dearly loved the little dog, had by their hardest exertions raised the necessary fee.

But the greatest honors ever rendered Bobby were the visits of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of gracious memory, pioneer of mercy to all living creatures, who sought permission to have him buried in the churchyard where he had spent his long life of devotion. She caused to be erected to the memory of the little Skye terrier the beautiful monument which stands today just outside the entrance to Greyfriars churchyard. Her words of eulogy of Bobby before the church officers, as related by the author, best sum up the career and influence of the noble dog:

"The story of Greyfriars Bobby is quite the most complete and remarkable ever recorded in dog annals. His lifetime of devotion has been witnessed by thousands, and honored publicly, by your own Lord Provost, with the freedom of the city, a thing that, I believe, has no precedent. All the endearing qualities of the dog reach their height in this loyal and lovable Highland terrier; and he seems to have brought out the best qualities of the people who have known him. Indeed, for fourteen years hundreds of disinherited children have been made kinder and happier by knowing Bobby's story and having that little dog to love. Bobby does not need a monument, but I think we need one of him, that future generations may never forget what the love of a dog may mean, to himself and to us."

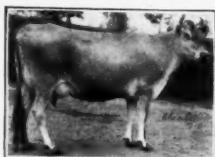
The life story of Greyfriars Bobby will long be read and often repeated for the good it will do in putting more sympathy, kindness and love in human hearts.

292 pp. \$1.20, net. Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE BOOK OF BABY BEASTS, E. J. Detmold.

The very beautiful illustrations in this animal book will be an unusual attraction for juvenile readers. These are printed in exquisite colors, pasted on special leaves in the book, and shown to advantage by wide borders of gray and white. Wild creatures in their native surroundings are pictured, as well as our common domestic animals. The descriptions are by Florence E. Dugdale, who minglest true stories of animal intelligence with natural history facts. How many know that the mother hippopotamus carries her baby, while very young, on her neck when swimming; or that that very large animal, the kangaroo, is scarcely over an inch long when born? All this and much more is told here.

120 pp. \$3.50 net. Hodder & Stoughton, New York.



What Other Societies Are Doing?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The active heads of several of the larger humane societies throughout the country have here answered this question: "In a very few sentences will you kindly tell 'Our Dumb Animals' the one most significant work in behalf of animals that your Society has accomplished during the fall and winter of 1911-12?"



Cattle Starving in Connecticut

One feature of our winter's work has been the relief of many cases of underfed and even starving cattle, occasioned by the short crop last year. The owner's mistake in attempting to go through a severe winter with too little fodder, to the serious injury of his herd, has impressed me. Had he sold half his stock to feed the balance, he would have saved money and much suffering of his animals.

WM. DeLOSS LOVE, President,
Connecticut Humane Society, Hartford.

Hospital for Animals in New York

In reply to the question as to the one most significant work in behalf of animals that our Society has accomplished during the past season, permit me to say that in my opinion it was the decision of our Board of Managers to establish a dispensary and hospital for animals, the new building for which is now nearing completion.

ALFRED WAGSTAFF, President,
American S. P. C. A., New York.

Sale of Old Horses Stopped in Albany

I do not know that there is any part of our work for animals more significant than another, although possibly our interest in suppressing the sale of old and unfit horses deserves to rank well to the front, and the large animal shelter work which we are doing is also of particular interest.

W. O. STILLMAN, President,
Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society,
Albany.

Rochester's Fine Work in the Schools

The Humane Society of Rochester, for a number of years past, has made a specialty of stereopticon lectures in the schools of this city, public, parochial and private. The children reached by this method are invited to become "junior members;" we have several thousand such members in this city now.

During the past year the Society has acquired possession of a property to be used as a permanent home. A large dwelling in which is located our offices, has been remodeled and a considerable portion of it given over to the work of the children. Each Saturday numbers of them are entertained there. One large room used for exhibiting lantern slides, has a number of tables with various games, as well as papers and magazines, among which *Our Dumb Animals* is a favorite; a good-sized library from which books may be drawn by members, is well patronized. Another room, where those who wish may read undisturbed, is much appreciated by some of the children.

We sometimes have a short talk on matters relating to our work or a half-hour reading from some popular "animal" book; some days we serve light refreshments.

With all its varied activities we count this as the most significant work our Society has accomplished this year.

JANE KINKAID,
Clerk of the Board of Directors,
Humane Society of Rochester, N. Y.

Chicago's Streets Keep Society Busy

The slippery condition of all of our streets and inclines during the last severe winter has caused much misery and suffering, and the hard winter has increased the sufferings of the poor. The Illinois Humane Society's force has been taxed to its utmost to relieve, as far as possible, the suffering and the distress.

JOHN L. SHORTALL, President,
Illinois Humane Society, Chicago.

Slippery Streets in Philadelphia

The most significant work accomplished during the past winter, by our Society, was "the ordering from harness of all horses found working, shod with smooth shoes and straining every nerve and muscle to hold their footing, while the streets were in a slippery condition."

I may add that many practical horsemen, veterinarians and farriers highly complimented our Society on the strict enforcement of this regulation.

F. B. RUTHERFORD, Secretary,
Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia.

College Lectures in Colorado

The most significant thing accomplished by this board for the protection of animals during this present year is the establishment of a regular course of moral and humane education in the normal colleges of the state, consisting of twenty-four lectures to be given annually, thereby putting humane education practically on a par with the other branches taught in the normal schools, which are engaged in preparing teachers for the public schools.

E. K. WHITEHEAD, Secretary,
Colorado State Bureau of Child and
Animal Protection, Denver.

Work-horses Badly Used in Washington

The most important work performed by the Washington Humane Society during the year 1911 was to bring to justice 1929 violators of the anti-cruelty laws of the District of Columbia. If the uniformed police force had been equally vigilant this number would have been doubled and perhaps trebled. There may be cities in the Union in which work-horses are worse treated than in Washington, but I cannot name them. To add to our burden the Capital has long since been made a dumping-ground for aged and infirm animals of every description.

Some day Congress will act and prohibit this traffic altogether. In the meantime we welcome, as nowhere else, the coming of the motor truck and delivery wagon.

In no spirit of boastfulness do we record the fact that the Washington Humane Society does more remedial and punitive work than any similar organization in the United States. We have to, despite the smallness of our means and the indifference of a very wealthy community; but it is quite certain that the evil will never be stamped out until the local authorities act as we do and as they should. So all hail to the motor wagon—and that milk of commercial kindness for beasts of burden—gasoline!

W. S. HUTCHINS, President,
Washington (D. C.) Humane Society.

Work-horse Parade in South Bend

The most lasting work done by this Society in 1911 was the erection and dedication of a large granite watering fountain for horses and dogs, the gift of Mrs. Jeanette Reynolds. This is the second fountain that she has given to the city, and has also established a \$5000 trust fund for the Society's use.

This spring we will have a work-horse parade.
H. A. PERSHING, Secretary,
South Bend (Indiana) Humane Society.

Hard Winter in Missouri

The severity of the winter in St. Louis was one that caused much suffering to our beasts of burden and the entire force of this Society was busy, having the animals covered when standing and having the stables so repaired as to be made habitable. This one work, of course, would not interfere with the general routine of the cruelty to animals.

JNO. H. HOLMES, Secretary,
Humane Society of Missouri.

Wisconsin Cattle Lost from Exposure

The most significant work in behalf of animals accomplished by the Wisconsin Humane Society during the past fall and winter, was the prompt relief to several hundred head of cattle and horses in different parts of the State that had not only been cruelly exposed to the weather in a temperature sometimes ranging as low as 25 degrees below zero, but that were actually deprived of the necessary sustenance of life. On one farm alone were found some 200 head of stock and 300 or 400 head of poultry, and there was not a sign of anything to feed them with. Some of the animals were so weak from starvation, that a slight push was enough to throw them off their feet. In another instance the same condition existed among the cattle, although the owners had feed galore in lofts and in stacks. These animals had not eaten or drunk for several days, and when the feed was scattered in the barnyard, they made a furious attack in their eagerness to partake of it, knocking each other down, and some of the by-standers as well. In some of the cases drastic measures had to be taken against the owners who were fined as high as \$100 and costs, and were made to dispose of one-half of their cattle. Fortunately in every case where there is no feed on the premises, we were able to give relief to the starved animals within a very short space of time, as the laws of Wisconsin empower an agent of the Wisconsin Humane Society to provide the necessary feed and care to any animal that is starved or neglected for which we have a lien on the said animal. A conservative estimate showed that in four specific cases of this kind, the financial loss to the owners, outside of the fines and cost imposed by the court, amounted to several thousand dollars.

It is almost impossible to conceive how owners of valuable property even from an economic standpoint, to say nothing of the humanitarian side of it, can so utterly disregard their own interests.

H. L. PHILLIPS, Superintendent,
Wisconsin Humane Society, Milwaukee.

Los Angeles Society Stops Atrocious Abuses

"You should visit the camps along the Government canal from the Laguna dam to Yuma. The contractors are abusing the animals terribly at the Breedlove camp. They make the men carry chains to beat the mules and horses. These mules are in such a horrible condition that their shoulders stick, one half of them are in no condition to work, and the poor brutes are beaten with chains to make them pull. The shoulders of the animals are a sight to make one sick. One dropped in its tracks last night from exhaustion and died on the works. They are killing animals from overwork and short feed. It is a disgrace to California."

Such is the complaint that came from a Yuma stock owner to the Los Angeles S. P. C. A. in February last. The Government work is across the river from Yuma on the California side. As usual, time is the essence of the contract, each and every contractor working for the Government is compelled to be out of there by April 1, which makes a special inducement for the contractor to work animals when they are unfit for labor. For this I censure the Government, also for their not having some one in authority to look after the stock and see that they are able to work.

Our officers found conditions deplorable, animals being worked with terrible, decaying sores in their shoulders, emaciated, and suffering from wounds made by cruel drivers. They first took out of the harness all animals unfit for work, filing complaints against the owners and foremen. Several contractors got together in Yuma, being strongly inclined to form a pool for the purpose of fighting the humane officers, each and every one demanding jury trials, but when informed by our agent that he had only fired a small part of his ammunition at Bard, where the nearest justice of the peace was located, and that he was prepared to file several other complaints against each at El Centro, taking all of their men over there, causing them much annoyance and expense, they were only too glad to go in, plead guilty and take their fines, which amounted to \$325.

In this Government work, which has been going on for the past several years, such a thing as a humane law or humane officer was unknown to the contractors. I am more than satisfied that this lesson has taught them a very valuable principle—that is, to take care of and protect their animals. Yuma and its surrounding district has been a Mecca for all brutal contractors who wished to work animals in any kind of condition, and where they were not obliged to pay much attention to them, those dropping dead in the harness being rolled aside like so many boulders. I, myself, have seen mules by the car-load returned to Los Angeles from the Government work at Yuma, the animals having large tumors, holes in the top of their necks and shoulders, and presenting a sickening sight. I have arranged now for inspection at this place at short periods with a view to reducing the cruelty to a minimum in that part of the country where humane work has previously been unknown.

N. W. ZIMMER, Superintendent,
The Los Angeles S. P. C. A.

Old Horses Destroyed in Minneapolis

One of the things that impresses me most in my work with the dumb animals is that I have the privilege when a horse is old and worn out, hardly able to draw one hoof after the other, to end its misery. My strongest effort in the past year has been to rid the city of horses that are old and beyond work.

JAS. B. PINDELL, Animal Agent,
Minneapolis (Minn.) Humane Society.

Variety of Activities in Oregon

Among the important items in our year's work are:

A donation of \$5000 by will.

Gift of a fine automobile by August Berg of this city to the Humane Society.

The securing of a modern, up-to-date lethal chamber for the city pound and paid for by the city, now in operation, using illuminating gas.

The establishment of the Animals' Rescue Home, provided with three acres, telephone facilities, kennels, etc., where we accommodate stray animals and find a home for dogs and cats.

We have secured Mr. J. E. Rudersdorf of Spokane to act as our manager for the coming year.

The organization of the Portland Horse Owners' Association, representing about 4000 horses. This has been a great auxiliary for our humane work, as we have secured a sand sprinkler for the streets and been enabled to bring about better conditions in street paving by virtue of the strong organization formed.

We secured an ordinance giving the Humane Society all fines imposed by the municipal court. We collected in fines during the past year about \$600.

We secured the conviction and sentence to forty days on the rockpile of a man for beating a mule a short time ago.

We secured an appropriation from the state legislature of \$1500 for work in establishing branch societies throughout the state. Have established branch societies in different portions of the state, including Salem, the capital, Marshfield, Tillamook, and other cities.

We are arranging for a work-horse parade on Labor Day.

We are now trying to obtain control of the city pound and endeavoring to secure licenses paid to the city, but in order to do this we will have to amend the city charter, which cannot be done for several months.

ROBERT TUCKER, President,
Oregon Humane Society, Portland.

Philadelphia Society's Work for Dogs

We give first place to our efforts in the cause of lost and homeless animals, principally dogs.

An incalculable amount of suffering, not only to the animal, but to the human, has been caused of late years by the growing tendency of professional alarmists to classify "stray dogs" as "mad dogs" and create a panic which is all the more pitiable because of its utter foolishness.

Our Society has succeeded in enlisting the valuable aid of the civic authorities to second their organized effort for the collection and care of these poor waifs of the city ways—lost, deserted and stolen. The establishment of a complete chain of receiving stations in every district is now well under way, and in addition, all police stations, including the central one at City Hall have been placed at our disposal as a temporary refuge for the animals until the Society's ambulances and agent can come to their aid.

M. M. HALVEY, Office Manager,
Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.,
Philadelphia.

New Fountains in Chicago

Perhaps the most significant work the Anti-Cruelty Society has done for animals during the past season, has been the waging of an intensive campaign in behalf of overworked and neglected horses. In addition we have secured for the city of Chicago four large granite drinking fountains from the Hermon Lee Ensign Fund.

HUGO KRAUSE, Secretary,
The Anti-Cruelty Society, Chicago.

Love's Power Over Wild Animals

(Continued from page 183)

and slid down. Again I ran up, he following me, and again we slid down. This was amusing for three or four times, but it was active exercise, and besides, it wasn't what I wanted just then. So at last I braved the situation. We slid to the foot of the ladder and I stood upright by its side, Ursa upright also, close by, and waiting for me to move. Resolutely looking at him I said No! and as I began to ascend I kept my eyes on him and when he came to follow I deliberately gave him a sharp blow on his soft and sensitive nose, repeating the No! with emphasis. He understood, though it was with evident reluctance he remained at the foot of the ladder, allowed me to go up and then draw it after me.

(To be continued)

Animal Shows Regulated in Cincinnati

During the exhibition of wild trained animals, a gentleman was asked, "Why are you leaving?" "Why am I leaving?" he answered. "Can any self-respecting man who believes in the superiority of his race, who believes himself above other animals of the earth; who believes in right, justice and fair play, sit and watch the spectacle of his fellow species breaking every law of justice, degrading themselves beneath the level of the beasts, practising tyranny, torture and atrocious barbarity? Can a man witness such things—things that the brutes themselves would not do—and then honor and respect his race?"

The Ohio Humane Society occasionally finds it necessary to interfere with showmen who exhibit trained animals in our theatres. Many of the acts are cruel and while we have been successful in the local field, we have no control after they leave our city. It was suggested at our last board meeting that we inaugurate a system, whereby all humane societies shall be promptly notified from this office, we to give details of said animal abuses at our local theatres, so that societies all over the country may be on the lookout for these people, and we believe by this system we can do much toward correcting abuses of this nature. Kindly notify all societies regarding your cases and we think that great relief will follow.

OSCAR A. TROUNSTINE,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Ohio Humane Society, Cincinnati.

Every Horse Blanketed in Buffalo

A campaign was started by our Society early in the winter to put a blanket on every horse during the cold weather. An extra agent was employed to assist in the work. Several cases were taken to court resulting in fines, and in one case imprisonment for twenty-five days. These cases were given much publicity with the result that drivers throughout our jurisdiction have been more careful about blanketing than ever before.

M. F. ROCHESTER, Secretary,
Erie County S. P. C. A., Buffalo, N. Y.

Horses Protected from Cold in Indianapolis

The animal work we consider of most importance was the protection of horses throughout the long continued cold and icy weather. The care of horses constitutes the greater part of our animal work, although our officers respond promptly at all times to every call of distress. We have three paid officers and there are no busier men in Indianapolis than they. We could keep three more just as busy.

C. F. SURFACE, President,
Indianapolis (Ind.) Humane Society.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



ST. ISIDORE



HE patron saint of the city of Madrid, in whose honor a great festival is held on May 16, was a Spanish peasant who lived in the twelfth century.

While his wife and children tended their own small holding, Isidore worked himself, with others, on his master's farm, and he loved the birds and animals so dearly that he could never

bear to see any of them suffer.

In the winter-time, when the birds were hungry, and he took his corn to be ground at the mill, he would stop and open out the bag and throw out handfuls of wheat, saying, "Take, birds of God; that which God gives He gives for all;" and again when he sowed the seed, he would say, "In the name of God, this is for God; this is for us, and this is for the birds and the ants." Standing one day before his house, he saw a poor hare being pursued by a hound, and being filled with compassion at her exhaustion, cried, "Hound, do no harm;" and immediately the dog stopped and the hare escaped.

But much as Isidore loved all creatures, even to the gentle oxen who drew his master's plough, he loved their Creator more, and was never so happy as when praising Him in church. Now, this habit of going to early morning service in the town of Madrid it was that caused Isidore's fellow-servants to be jealous, and to tell the farmer that he wasted his time. Therefore the master watched, and, finding him sometimes absent, questioned him; and Isidore acknowledged that sometimes he was late in the mornings, but that he worked later at night. Then the farmer watched and went one morning to the field expecting to find but little done. What was his astonishment, therefore, to see more land ploughed in that lot than in any other portion of the field, and drawing near he saw not only Isidore busily ploughing, with his little son running at the head of the oxen, but at a little distance another plough, drawn by a team of snow-white oxen and guided by a radiant angel.

FLORENCE H. SUCKLING, in "The Brotherhood of Love."

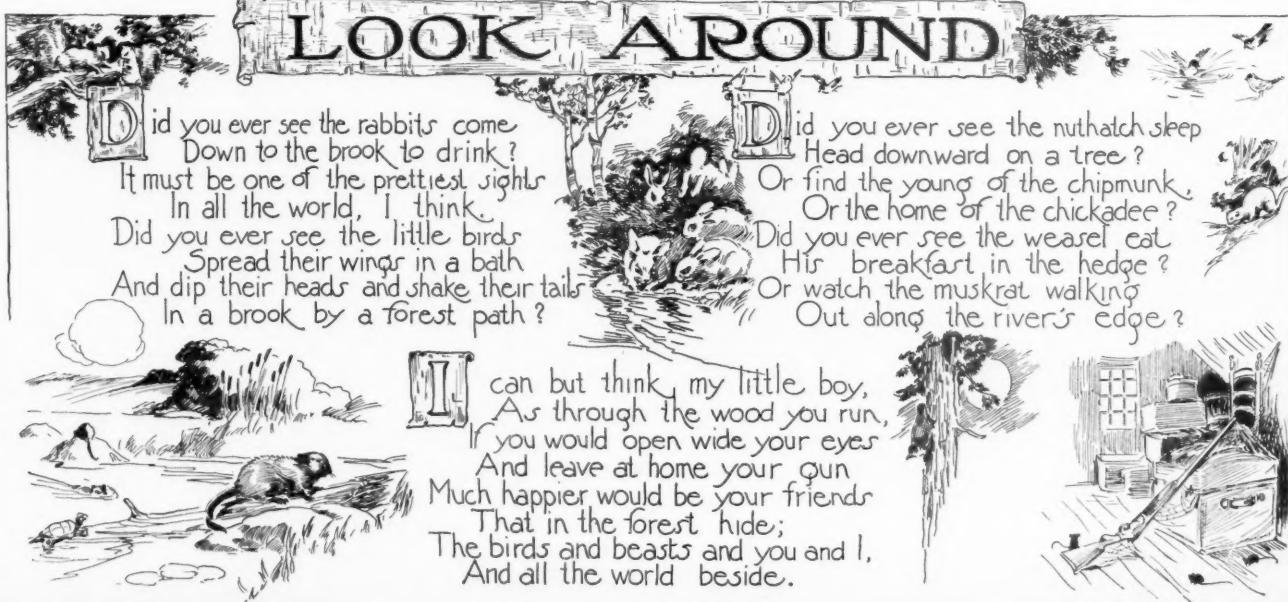
LOOK AROUND

Did you ever see the rabbits come
Down to the brook to drink?
It must be one of the prettiest sights
In all the world, I think.
Did you ever see the little birds
Spread their wings in a bath
And dip their heads and shake their tails
In a brook by a forest path?

Ican but think my little boy,
As through the wood you run,
If you would open wide your eyes
And leave at home your gun
Much happier would be your friends
That in the forest hide;
The birds and beasts and you and I,
And all the world beside.

BIRD-GUESSING CONTEST

1. A flash of sky on wing.—(Bluebird).
2. Oh, shall I call thee bird,
Or, but a wandering voice?
Thy note from household clocks is heard
And children's ears rejoice.—(Cuckoo).
3. King of the water, as the air,
He dives and finds his prey.—(Kingfisher).
4. Thy plaintive cry announces punishment,
And warns the luckless boy for whom 'tis sent.—
(Whippoorwill).
5. You introduce yourself throughout your song,
And tell the world your brief, old-fashioned name.—
(Phoebe).
6. "Bob White" you call
Along the marshy coast.
Speak not so loud
Or you will be on toast.—(Quail).
7. Cooing 'neath barn rafters,
Pouting, sometimes, too;
Rippling like child laughter
All the winter through.—(Pigeon).
8. An English emigrant, bird of the street,
So common that some like thee not at all.
Yet in the Holy Bible we are told
The Father careth if but one should fall.—(Sparrow).
9. Red-breasted harbinger of spring
We wait in hope to hear thee sing.—(Robin).
10. At some glad moment was it Nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?—(Oriole).



The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
AND
The American Humane Education Society

Report of the President for the Year Ending March 1, 1912

THE annual report of our two Societies for 1912 may well take the condensed form in which it appears. Through the columns of *Our Dumb Animals* we really give a record month by month of what the Societies are doing, and of the gifts received from our many generous friends. Our members, therefore, need but to hear the story retold in its main outlines to gain a fair conception of the year's activities.

The Angell Memorial Hospital

Perhaps nothing will so mark the period between the annual meeting of 1911 and that of 1912, as a memorable one in the history of our organizations, as the beginnings that have been made toward the erection of a fitting memorial to George Thorndike Angell, at once their founder, and one of the chief pioneers in the humane work of modern times. This building is to serve not only the purpose of a memorial, but is to be as well the future home of the Societies he called into being, and a hospital for the treatment of such sick and injured animals as because of their value to their owners should be relieved of suffering and restored to health. This phase of humane work — the animals' hospital — is in harmony with the latest and most advanced ideas both in this country and in Europe with reference to the service societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals should undertake. It involves for us no needless expenditure of money. It is well known that for years Mr. Angell worked for a suitable building in which the offices of our Societies might be established and accommodations provided for the extensive publication work that has become so large a feature of the humane education department. Those familiar with our present headquarters know that every inch of space is occupied, and that some of the rooms are much overcrowded. Besides this, there is the fact that we are paying no inconsiderable sums for storage, and are constantly under a very much larger expense for our ambulances than if they could be sheltered and cared for in a building of our own. The interest on the money required for such a building as we propose would not represent a much larger amount of capital than is now required to provide, by the income from its investment, for our present accommodations, our storage, and our stable and garage charges. In addition to this we shall practically have our hospital as so much clear gain.

The land for the structure has already been purchased, 23,402 square feet in a most desirable location, for \$35,000. This has been paid for by money given entirely for an Angell Memorial building, and we have at the moment, besides this, more than \$11,000 in cash, several pledges amounting to something like \$2,500 and are generously remembered in a bequest, given for such a building, that in due time will be turned over to us. A most carefully devised plan for raising the money needed is now being set in motion. That the response to an appeal for a fitting memorial to Mr. Angell is wider far than our own state is evidenced by the fact that the amount now in hand represents the contributions of friends from ten different countries and twenty-seven different states.

Publicity and the Press

Believing that the more widely our work is known and appreciated the more numerous will be the friends and supporters of our cause, we have sent out into Massachusetts during the past year a representative of the Societies who has distributed large quantities of literature; spoken in many towns and cities; interviewed hundreds of men and women; visited out-of-the-way sections of the state in the interests of better housing and care of farm animals; addressed Granges; convinced influential citizens engaged in the shoe and leather trade of the relation between humane societies and their business from a purely economic point of view if from no other; called upon editors and newspaper proprietors and, through them, secured the publication of articles on the Angell Memorial Hospital, on slaughter-house reform, on the cruelties of many phases of hunting and trapping, aggregating over fifteen hundred columns of reading matter in papers of the Commonwealth which have a total circulation of quite three million and a half copies. All this space has been willingly and sympathetically given by the press without charge, and our debt of gratitude to these noble friends of our work is greater than we can well express.

"Our Dumb Animals"

Another new feature of the year has been the effort to add to the attractiveness and value of our monthly periodical. The additional cost of this we have every reason to believe will soon be met by the advertisements that have been admitted and a very much enlarged subscription list. New subscribers are sending us their names in increasing numbers, and though the price was raised to one dollar a year, scarcely anyone has dropped from the list on that account. If the scores of complimentary personal letters and press comments upon the change in the paper are to be accepted, no mistake has been made in the venture. It is still our policy to send the paper free into many quarters where its missionary service will be most effective. There is no land "where its voice is not heard." The circulation of the paper has increased during the year, the average circulation now being 62,575. Bound volumes were presented to 250 hotels and clubs throughout the country, chiefly in New England, but some going as far as California and Oregon.

The Electric Ambulance

The purchase of an electric ambulance last spring has been more than justified. During the intense heat of the past summer we should have been most distressingly embarrassed in our work without it. There were days when no horses could be hired to draw the old ambulance, and had we had no motor vehicle, horses that were falling constantly on the streets would have had to remain there hours in the broiling sun. It was kept busy night and day. That we should have had it at just that season was a most fortunate thing for the Society. The money required for its purchase was provided by special contributions of interested friends. We are deeply grateful to them.

Executing Your Own Will

Our Societies have taken another step this past year which we are convinced will be for their advantage. They have fallen into line with certain other strong and financially ably-managed organizations, and made it possible for those intending to make their bequests by will, to give the money while still living, receiving in return during life the equivalent of a larger interest on the amount than could be secured through any ordinary channels of what would be considered safe investment; or, in lieu of this, accepting an annuity agreed upon at the time the gift is made. Already several have availed themselves of this plan which is at once to the advantage of the donor, and of the Societies, and which renders impossible any of those miscarriages of purpose, and those legal contests of wills which so often waste property left by bequests and frustrate the wishes of the testators.

Legislation and Traffic in Food Animals

Strenuous efforts were made last year to take from the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. the power given to its agents by the legislature of 1910 to enter slaughter-houses and all places where animals are kept for transportation, and also to pass a bill opening the door to the most shameful traffic in immature calves, after our successful efforts practically to close this door. Both of these measures we were able to defeat. It can be said without fear of contradiction that the worst features of this disreputable business whereby calves a few days old were put upon the markets in this state by the thousands have been eliminated. The federal authorities do not hesitate to give our agents the chief credit in bringing about this most serviceable reform not only in the interests of the poor helpless victims, the calves, but also in the interests of the public health. We gratefully acknowledge again the cooperation and assistance of the United States Department of Agriculture.

There is still another phase of the traffic in food animals which, next to the immature calf business, is engaging the attention of the Society both on the ground of cruelty and because of its relation to the health of the poorer classes in the community. It is the buying, shipping, selling, slaughtering and converting into food products of old, worn-out, starved, crippled, diseased cows, known as "canners" or "bolognas." No one not familiar with the situation would believe the absolute "rotteness" of this horrible business. We dislike to use the word just used, but no other will meet the need. We have seen with our own eyes enough of it to know the hardness of heart that permits men to deal in these wretched creatures that should have been killed before ever they were allowed to reach their emaciated suffering condition, and also to feel the disgust that arises when one thinks that thousands are eating the flesh scraped from the bones of these old cows and worked over into bologna sausages, or other forms of meat food, where the character of the meat can be disguised.

Slaughter-house Reform

While no legislation has been sought this year at the hands of the state with reference to this most vital question now confronting the societies

for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the country, the year has been one in which we have studied the problem with increasing determination to secure ultimately at least the one supreme requirement that all our food animals shall be mercifully rendered unconscious by some process of stunning before the knife is used. The conditions in France and England were carefully inspected, and a mass of literature, reports of investigations, correspondence with abattoir superintendents and authorities in Germany, Switzerland, Norway and Finland have been accumulated and translated, which will be invaluable material in the future conflict for humane methods in slaughtering. Experiments are soon to be made at one of our abattoirs with a popular device for stunning which we have just imported from Germany. We acknowledge with pleasure a gift of several hundred dollars to aid us in this special line of work by Mr. B. R. Banning of California. A number of articles upon this subject which have been issued by us have attracted wide attention, and interest is steadily increasing throughout the entire country with reference to this important matter.

Old Horse Traffic

No part of our work is more carefully watched than that which concerns the fate of broken-down, worn-out horses. Last year we averaged nearly 100 a month humanely put to death. We mean by this that every one reported as destroyed was destroyed. When necessary we pay a few dollars for many a poor victim, but as a rule do not believe in the practice since generally a man will let us have his horse rather than stand a prosecution. Too often dishonorable horse-dealers impose upon those who are willing to buy anything that is offered, and many dollars are paid for old horses that could have been secured for destruction had their owners been forced to give them up by fear of the courts. Several have been bought by friends of the Society and sent to homes where they could be rested, or made comfortable for their remaining days.

Agents

With some of the best agents that ever served any Society, we are still sadly short of anything like an adequate force. Take the central and western parts of the state, for example. There is one man in Worcester, one man in Springfield — these only, whose full time we can command. We are ashamed to say this. We should have a paid agent, one whose entire time should be at our disposal in every town of ten thousand to cover it and the surrounding country. The cruelty that is hidden away and that must be searched for, only those know who have had experience. The need of larger gifts was never greater. The field has been only entered.

We take this opportunity to acknowledge the willing and efficient service of a large number of local and unpaid agents who represent us in their several communities.

The Angell Memorial Fountain

To the seven hundred dollars given by the school children of Boston for an Angell Memorial Fountain, and an equal amount contributed by other friends, the city of Boston has added through the good offices of Mayor Fitzgerald, two thousand dollars more. The plans of the fountain have been drawn, the location obtained in Post Office Square, the corporations having certain rights in the Square led to accept the proposed arrangement, and as soon as the plans can be reduced to meet the amount available it is hoped work will be begun.

Under this division we may report that at the several watering-stations established by the

Society last summer over a quarter of a million horses were watered. The expense of this was largely provided for by special contributions of generous friends.

Addresses

The Secretary has cheerfully responded to many calls for stereopticon lectures which have set forth the nature of our work and called attention to the claims of animal life. The work in the public schools has been also regularly prosecuted. Humane Day observed throughout the schools of the Commonwealth, for which an attractive and carefully prepared manual was issued by the Society, and during the past year the parochial schools of Boston have accorded a warm welcome to our representative who is now organizing the Band of Mercy work among these thousands of boys and girls. The President has spoken at the annual meeting of the New York State Humane Societies, before many of the pupils and teachers of the schools of Newburgh, N. Y., at Nashua, N. H., and at Worcester and Fall River. At Philadelphia he had the rare privilege of addressing over 3000 young lads in three Boys' High Schools, and he also enjoyed the equal pleasure of making five addresses before the schools of Atlantic City.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

The wide-reaching influence of the American Humane Education Society was never greater than during the past year. We have now three workers in California who are engaged in addressing teachers' institutes, schools, and various public meetings, and in the organization of humane societies and Bands of Mercy. One of these continues in charge of the humane press bureau which we maintain in that state. This bureau sends out material to the various newspapers in California and several other western states. It is estimated that at least thirty-three per cent. of this matter is used by the editors. Another representative has been working in Michigan and is now in Kentucky. A colored man of unusual ability is at work in the South. He travels in several states with a large tent that will seat fifteen hundred people. He addresses both white and colored audiences, distributes humane literature, forms Bands of Mercy, etc.

4,500 New Bands of Mercy

The Band of Mercy movement has grown rapidly during the last year, about 4,500 new Bands having been formed. The total number of Bands now exceeds 83,000. In Massachusetts our state organizer is constantly in the field, visiting the public schools throughout the state, addressing the pupils, and advising teachers how to carry out the spirit of the state law which directs that they "shall exert their best endeavors to impress the principles of piety and justice, and a sacred regard for truth, love of country, *humanity* and universal benevolence." April 11 was observed as Humane Day, and exercises were held in the various schools. The American Humane Education Society furnished the teachers of the graded schools with 13,000 copies of "The Humane Manual," a thirty-two page pamphlet prepared for the occasion. It is estimated that 500,000 pupils participated in this annual observance.

Bands are being formed all over the country, the greater part being in schools through the efforts of local humane societies. The schools of Washington, D. C., and of Duluth, Minn., have all been systematically organized and the Bands reported to this office. The work in Duluth is being done voluntarily by a woman

devoted to the humane cause. The schools in Rhode Island, and in New Orleans, La., Baltimore, Md., Cincinnati, Ohio, and Superior, Wis., are all actively engaged in organizing Bands of Mercy among the pupils. In Hartford, Conn., money was raised for a Band of Mercy campaign in the schools, and a request sent to us for an organizer. In Kansas City, Mo., there is a "Horses' Band of Mercy," the members of which are policemen, police commissioners, and city officials, including the mayor. During the year Bands were also reported from Canada, the Bahamas, Turkey, France, and the Philippines.

Humane Education Abroad

Remarkable results have been achieved during the past year by the Humane Education Society of Constantinople, in cooperation with our American Humane Education Society. Many of our books and leaflets have been translated into Turkish, Armenian, Greek, Bulgarian, Arabic, and Judeo-Spanish, and a total of about five thousand copies have been distributed throughout Turkey, Bulgaria, Syria and Egypt. Prizes have been offered in many of the schools for essays on humane subjects, and Angell silver medals for prize-speaking contests in the colleges. Several newspapers in Turkey and Bulgaria are taking up the cause, and publishing humane articles. Mrs. George L. Manning, to whose untiring efforts this success is largely due, hopes soon to report the organization of an active Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Constantinople.

In Switzerland, M. Jerome Perinet is meeting with much success in his efforts to promote the Band of Mercy work throughout Europe. He has addressed several conventions, and reports that the school officials are very favorably impressed with the Band of Mercy. The schools of two of the Swiss cantons have already been organized and the others are to follow. Much attention is being called to the subject in France. M. Perinet is in constant communication with influential officials in Russia, Belgium, and Italy, awakening interest in the movement.

Great Variety of Literature

The American Humane Education Society is now issuing over sixty different publications. The expense of printing and distributing several thousand copies of a leaflet on trapping was generously borne by one of our directors. The popularity of "The Horse's Prayer" has increased during the year, and we have now issued it in six editions, three in English, and one each in Yiddish, Italian, and Spanish. A commercial traveler, a great lover of horses, is voluntarily posting up copies of this "Prayer" in the livery-stables of the larger cities of the United States and Canada. Thousands of copies of our humane books have been sold during the year to purchasers in thirty-four different states. We have published a new edition of "Black Beauty" in Spanish, five hundred copies of which were sent to Mrs. Jeannette Ryder of Havana, Cuba. A large edition of "Black Beauty" in Italian was imported from Italy during the year. Many copies have been circulated, especially in Rhode Island. We have also sent large quantities of literature to the Canal Zone and to Chile. The demand for our free traveling humane libraries is increasing. During the year they were sent out to nine different states, including California.

Report of Treasurer

There are three things we can do. We can go forward to meet the widening demands upon us, believing that the supporters of our Societies will sustain us; or we can refuse to do more than

just hold the ground gained; or we can spend our energies building up the largest possible endowment with the gifts received. The second and third of these paths lead to dry rot and death. If we are to keep alive, in any large sense, we must keep growing. That means more effective work, more workers, larger usefulness. It does not mean spending a dollar of any fund given upon the condition that only the interest shall be used, but it necessitates using money given for aggressive work and not for accumulation.

The figures appearing below stand for a very material broadening of our activities in every direction, — more agents, more workers in other states, an improved paper, a larger office force absolutely necessary to attend to the work that must be done, more office room, fresh and more attractive humane leaflets and literature.

The total receipts for the year of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, other than certain special gifts of which only the interest is available, were \$90,123.19; the total expenses \$79,585.10. The total receipts of the American Humane Education Society were \$17,270.48; the total expenses \$24,821.08. In the receipts of the two Societies is included \$5,001.73 for the Angell Memorial Building. The total receipts of both Societies, outside of the exception mentioned above, were \$107,393.67; the total expenses \$104,406.18.

The Societies acknowledge with sincerest appreciation the generous services of the trustees of our permanent funds, Messrs. Alfred Bowditch, Laurence Minot, and Thomas Nelson Perkins, to whose wise judgment and painstaking care we are so deeply indebted.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President.*

REPORT OF CHIEF PROSECUTING OFFICER

Number of complaints received	14,120
Number of animals examined	54,576
Number of prosecutions	235
Number of convictions	205
Number of horses taken from work	1,528
Number of horses humanely killed	1,194

Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Cattle, sheep and swine inspected (seven months)	95,765
Cattle, sheep and swine killed (two months)	898

SPECIMEN CASES

No. 1. For driving a horse to death, two men paid fines of \$30 each. The horse was hired at Cambridge and driven to Nashua, N. H., and back to Lowell, where he died.

No. 2. For throwing a dog from a third-story window, a man was fined \$75. In default of payment of fine he was committed to the common jail.

No. 3. For non-sheltering his hogs, a man was fined \$15.

No. 4. For inflicting cruelty upon a cow, a man was fined \$25.

No. 5. For shamefully beating a horse, a Springfield driver was fined \$30.

No. 6. For pulling a horse's tail out of its body with rope and pulley, a farmer paid a fine of \$200. The horse had fallen through the barn floor and a rope was hitched to its tail with the above result.

No. 7. For breaking the jaw of a dog with a piece of joist, a man paid a fine of \$20. The dog had to be destroyed.

No. 8. For starving his horse, a master teamster paid a fine of \$50.

No. 9. For locking the wings of a hen to prevent flying, two women paid fines of \$5 each.

No. 10. For persisting in driving a worn-out horse, after being warned, a coal dealer paid a fine of \$5.

No. 11. For cruelly abandoning a horse to starve, a man was fined \$25.

No. 12. For cruelly beating a cat, a Brighton man paid a fine of \$15.

No. 13. For overloading a mule, a master teamster was fined \$20.

No. 14. For hanging a dog by the neck, a man paid a fine of \$15.

No. 15. For permitting the use of horses suffering from sore backs, galled shoulders and general debility, divers owners of teams and carriages were fined in sums varying from \$20 to \$50.

The directions to all our prosecuting agents are that it is always better when possible to convert men from cruelty than to convict them in the courts, and that the test of a Society's usefulness is not the number of its prosecutions, but the number of acts of cruelty it is able to prevent.

JAMES R. HATHAWAY,
Special Agent.

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We must have the religious, the intellectual, and the humane combined. The churches must preach humanity as well as Christianity, and the schools must teach it, and the press must carry it where neither churches nor schools can. There is no getting rid of this question, and we have no time to lose. The coming generation is coming fast; and we must make them good citizens, or they will make us a bad nation. You may go into all the schools and homes with book and picture, and song and story, and make the children humane; or you may cause them to grow up cruel, inhumane, cultivating the bad passions, and they will avenge themselves upon society. You may take the boy in our streets today, and make him a great good man, or you may leave him to become a great bad one; but the difference may be the difference between peace and war, national prosperity and national ruin. My friend, throw aside all mercy for dumb animals; suppose there were no law to protect them, no penalty for their abuse, no redress for them in this world, and no hope in the next; throw aside all sanitary, financial, and moral considerations; suppose even that you are an atheist, and do not believe there ever was a God: still I say, if you claim to be a good citizen, if you regard the future welfare of your country, you must provide for the humane education of its children; and that is the grandest feature of our work. GEO. T. ANGELL.

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continually for the cause for which he
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This Society has put new vision in us. The beneficence of its work is not limited to the dumb creatures that have been the recipients of it. It has exemplified the truth that "mercy is twice blessed: it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It has revealed to men and women a blessed reservoir of delight in a new line of helpfulness.

JOHN D. LONG.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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See list of new Bands on page 185.

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